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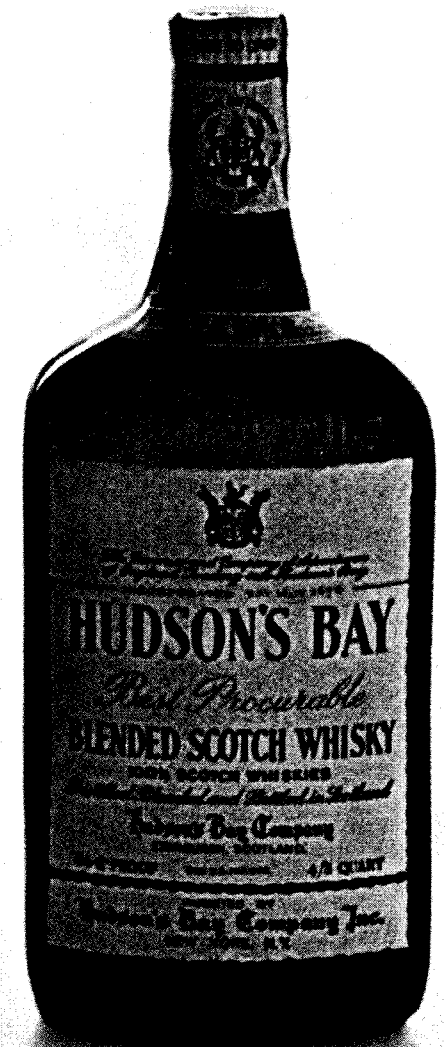

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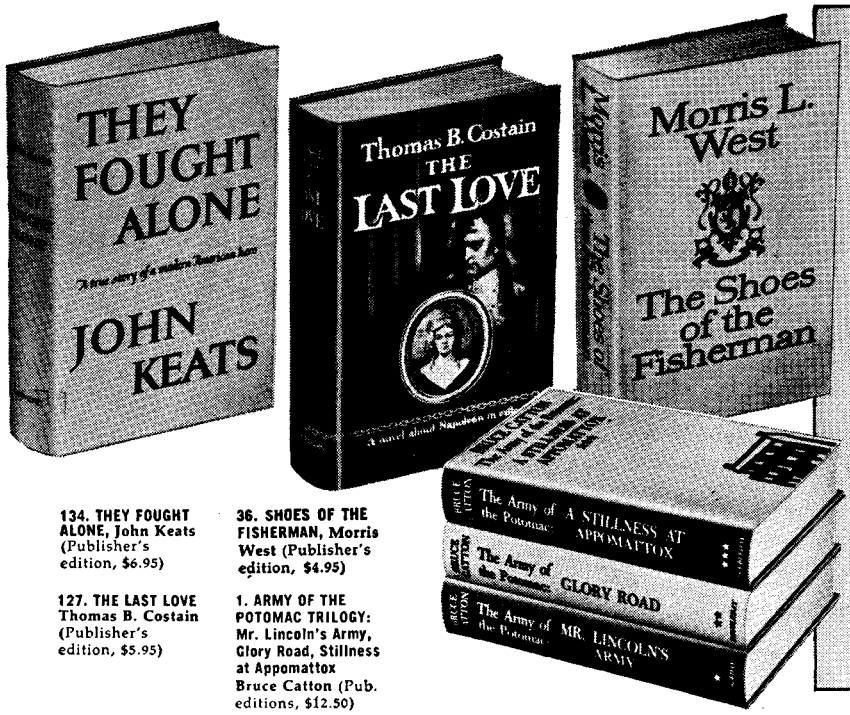

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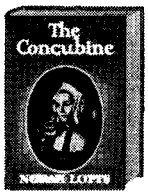

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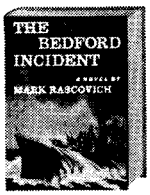

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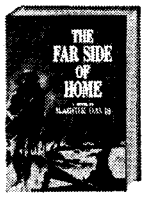

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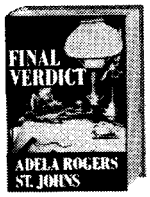

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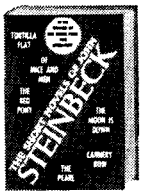

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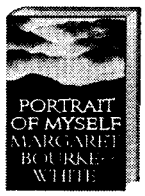

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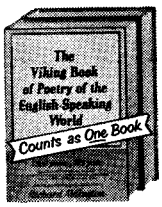

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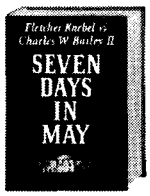

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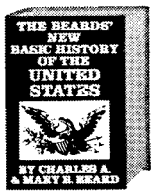

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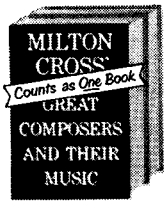

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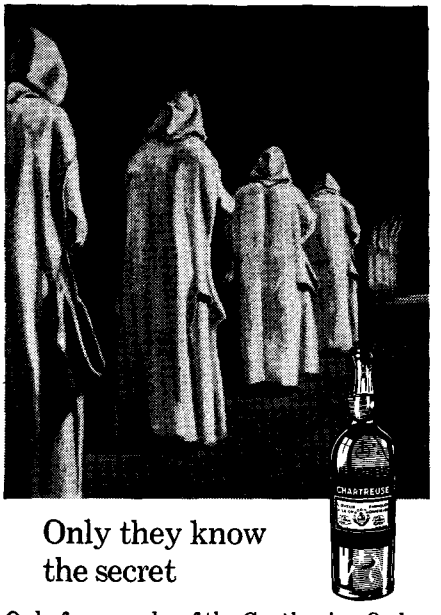

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VOLUME 29, NO. 5 **SEPTEMBER 26, 1963**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 14
THE TEST BAN—SUMMING UP . . . . . *Senator Henry M. Jackson* 18

Research, Politics, and the Moon

SCIENCE GOES TO WASHINGTON . . . . . *Meg Greenfield* 20

At Home & Abroad

THE ROLE OF THE COURTS:
CONSCIENCE OF A SOVEREIGN PEOPLE . . . . . *J. Skelly Wright* 27
CHINA'S NEW ROADS: WHERE DO THEY LEAD? . . . . . *Denis Warner* 31
BOLIVIA'S REVOLUTION COMES OF AGE . . . . . *J. David Bowen* 34
KHRUSHCHEV MENDS SOME FENCES . . . . . *Charles Wassermann* 36

Views & Reviews

THE PIPER'S VILLAGE . . . . . *Akosua* 38
HOW TO MAKE LAWYERS WISH YOU'D GO AWAY . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 42
Books:
DR. CONANT'S BOMBSHELL . . . . . *Fred M. Hechinger* 44
GRAVEY TRAIN . . . . . *Kenneth S. Lynn* 48
CHORES—VERSE . . . . . *Charles Edward Eaton* 45
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 47

THE REPORTER, September 26, 1963, Volume 29, No. 5. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1963 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CIVILIAN CONTROL over the military is an article of faith proclaimed by admirals and generals no less than by country lawyers on Capitol Hill and the former industrial wizard in the Pentagon. But who is there so bold as to assert civilian control over the scientists? At least since the day Albert Einstein sent a letter to President Roosevelt suggesting that an attempt to split the atom might have some significance for the war effort, the necessary collaboration between science and government has presented problems previously almost unknown in the methodology of either realm. In this issue **Meg Greenfield** describes the somewhat chaotic present state of the confrontation.

"The voices of the judges have struck a note of conscience in the breast of America," **Judge J. Skelly Wright** told the Methodist Conference on Human Relations in a recent speech we are now privileged to publish. Judge Wright's own devotion to equal justice under law has been vigorously tested by his response to desegregation questions in New Orleans. To some Southerners his firm handling of that inflamed issue was apostasy, but at least no one could claim that he does not know and understand the South. Born and raised in Louisiana, Judge Wright is "about as Southern as they come." He now sits on the Court of Appeals in Washington, where his voice continues to strike a note of conscience throughout the land, both north and south.

Like the Romans, the Red Chinese know the strategic value of road building and are applying the principle with significant effect in the remote border regions from the Himalayas to North Vietnam where Peking hopes to extend its sway. **Denis Warner,** who reported in our last issue from Vietnam, is the author of *The Last Confucian,* to be published this month by Macmillan.

The Bolivian revolution, now eleven years in power, replaced the tin barons with labor barons. Today **J. David Bowen** reports from La Paz, the country has a new set of problems. Mr. Bowen, a specialist in Latin-American affairs, is now working on a book about Chile to be published by Norton.

In a period of changing policies in Eastern Europe, Premier Khrushchev has been kept hopping throughout his satellite marches to co-ordinate and contain sentiments that might slacken Moscow's tight rein. These developments are described by **Charles Wassermann,** a Canadian who has covered the Iron Curtain countries for the past ten years for international radio and television networks.

"Akosua," meaning "Born on Sunday," is the name given by Ghanaian friends to an American woman who spent five years on the continent from which some of her ancestors came. In an article built around what she saw and what was said to her, she now gives us a personal account of a visit she made to an isolated village in the West African interior. What she found was simplicity, hospitality, and a sense of humor. She tells us that the people of that village seemed to epitomize in their actions and attitudes characteristics which she found to be general among West African peoples.

Fred M. Hechinger has been education editor of the New York *Times* since 1959. His book *The Big Red Schoolhouse* is available in hard cover (Peter Smith) and in paperback (Dolphin-Doubleday). With his wife, Grace, he has also written *Teen-Age Tyranny* (Morrow).

Charles Edward Eaton's most recent volume of verse, *Countermoves,* is published by Abelard-Schuman.

Kenneth S. Lynn, Professor of English at Harvard, is the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Atlantic Monthly Press).

Our cover for this issue is by **Bill Berry.**

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How to tell a broker from a tipster

(Here are five things that give the tipster away)

When you invest, it's hard to think of anything more important than a good broker.

Or of anything more dangerous than a mere tipster, who may be anyone from a well-meaning friend to a stranger on the telephone trying to high-pressure you into buying.

After all, it's your hard-won money. You would like to have it bring you an income from dividends on stock. Or interest on bonds. Or to have a good prospect of increasing in value over the years.

So you'll need to recognize a tipster when you see one. Here are five tell-tale signs:

Tipster: "Boy, have I got a hot one!"

Broker: A broker in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, can tell you how badly people can get burned by a tip. And how important it is to have facts. On earnings. On dividends. On the company's financial position. Armed with knowledge, you're in a better position to exercise careful judgment when you invest. Companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange are required to make this kind of information public.

Tipster: "Hurry. There's only a limited amount of that stock around."

Broker: He knows that people who rush you often have something else in mind than your welfare. Care is important—and it's wise to take the time to be careful.

Tipster: "It's a chance in a million to make a killing."

Broker: He meets people who have rashly shot for the moon and missed. And people who have, instead, set long-term goals to fit their circumstances and have gone a long way toward achieving them.

To help you achieve your goals, he's glad to share his knowledge with you—so that you can base your judgment on facts, not rumors.

Tipster: "You can't lose with this."

Broker: He's aware that the price of any stock or bond goes down as well as up. That a company may lose ground, may not continue to pay dividends or interest.

Tipster: "You'll be wise to put as much as you can lay hands on into this."

Broker: He believes first things come first. And first come your living expenses. Then provision for emergencies. After that, you may want to invest for income or growth of your capital.

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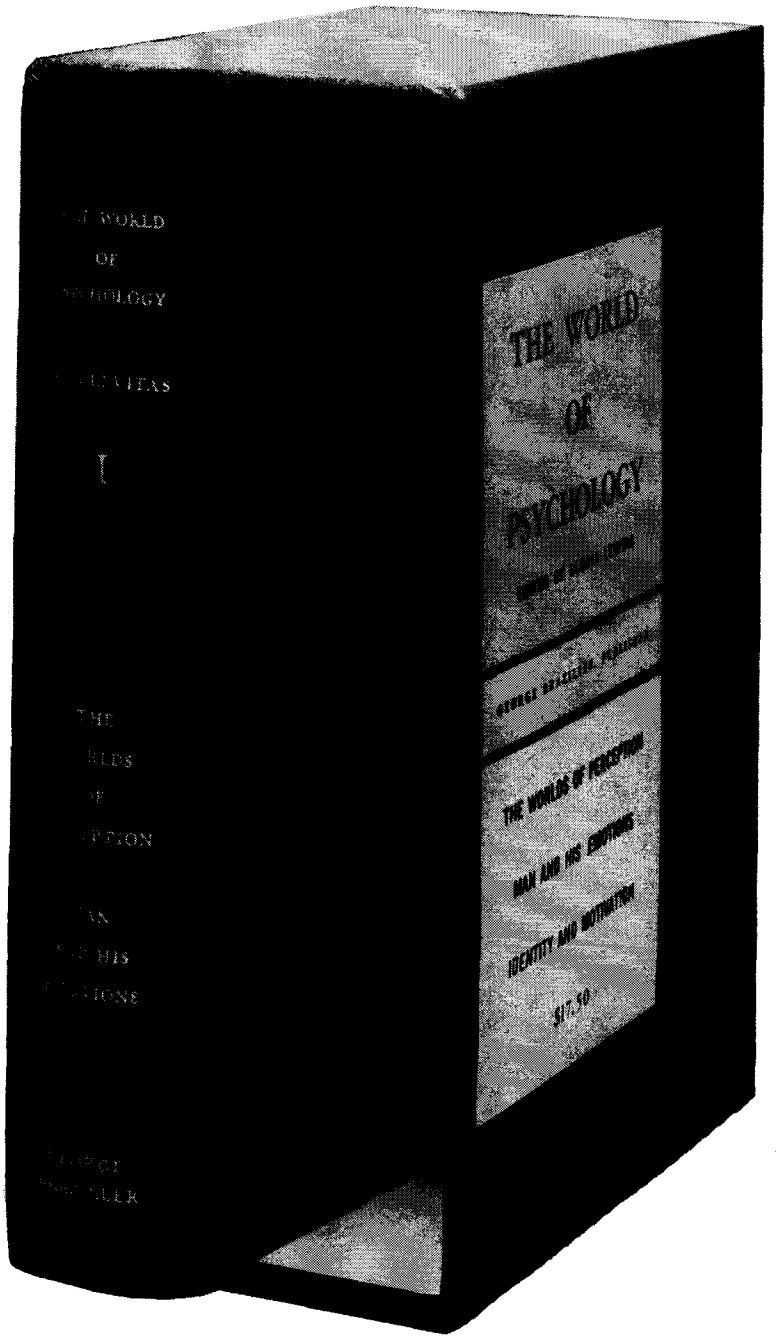

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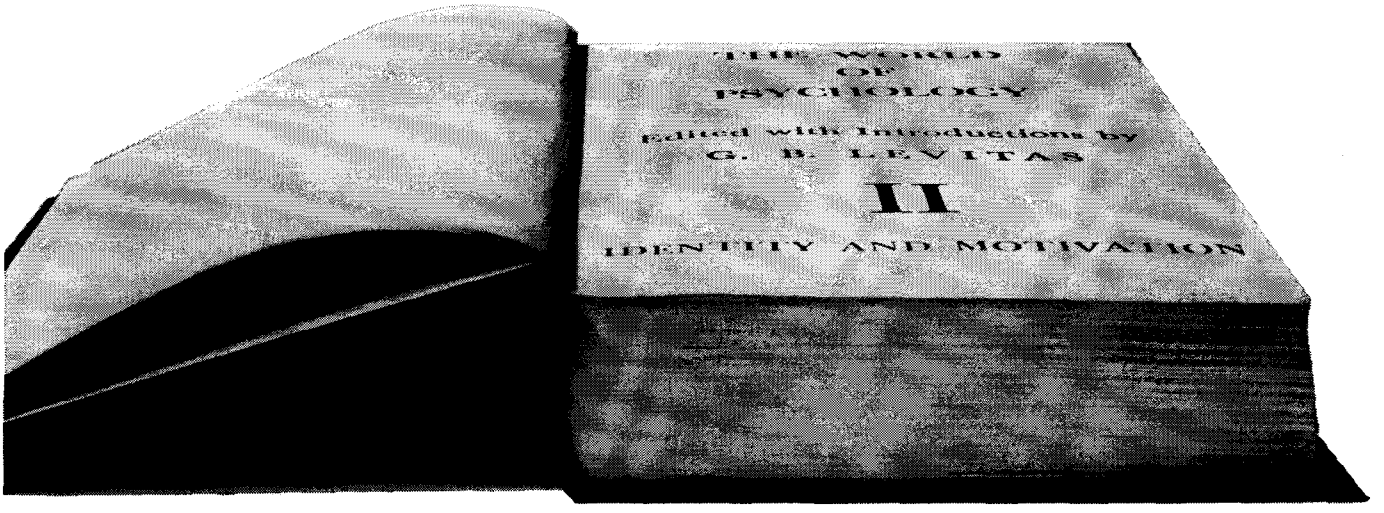

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CORRESPONDENCE

WAGES AND YOUTH CORPS

To the Editor: In "The Dull Part of Desegregation" (*The Reporter,* August 15) Julius Duscha points out that as a consequence of the large proportion of Negroes in the low-paid service industries or on unskilled production jobs, the average Negro wage is half what it is for whites. He states that the situation is directly related to a lack of education. The Bureau of the Census statistics indicate, however, that the situation is not directly related to lack of education.

The pattern of lower wages for nonwhites than for whites persists throughout the report despite the similarity of age, education, and occupation.

There is a possibility that the overall economic plight of Negroes will remain grave after equality in job training has been achieved. If this happens, the dull part of desegregation may become unpleasantly interesting.

JOHN C. BERESFORD
Alexandria, Virginia

To the Editor: In Julius Duscha's critical survey of the administration's education and training proposals, the Youth Corps programs suffered in that only the arguments of the programs' opponents were mentioned.

Rather than "make-work projects," both of the Youth Corps programs are specifically oriented toward long-needed and carefully planned projects in the public interest. The Youth Conservation Corps would work on Federal lands controlled by the Departments of Interior and Agriculture on projects that have backlogged, in some cases, since the termination of the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1944. The projects include erosion control, timber-stand improvement, construction and restoration of national historical sites and camping grounds, and other similar conservation and recreation projects that could scarcely be considered "make work."

The "Home Town Youth Corps" under Title II of the act would permit state, local, and private agencies under Federal grants to do similar kinds of conservation work as well as other local projects in the public interest, such as assisting in hospitals and other public institutions which are sorely in need of manpower. Surely these proposals cannot be considered "make work" either.

SAMUEL V. MERRICK
Special Assistant for
Legislative Affairs
U.S. Department of Labor

To the Editor: *The Reporter,* in keeping with its tradition of sound journalism, has taken a deep look into the problem of equality in job opportunity. I am in complete agreement with your stand on the issue. The Negro will not be able to take an active position in our society unless he is first able to make a living for himself and his family.

HARRISON A. WILLIAMS, JR.
Committee on Labor and Welfare
United States Senate

RELIGION AS BUSINESS

To the Editor: Although I found the revelations in Nat Hentoff's "Gospel as Gimmick" (*The Reporter,* August 15) repugnant, I found the "angry pronouncement" of Mahalia Jackson utterly hypocritical. Just what does she think singing spirituals or even the Lord's Prayer at a Jazz Festival looks like?

The moment you begin to pay anyone, including ministers, anything higher than a subsistence wage, you have commercialized gospel which can logically be expected to come to where it is today—wealthy pastors in large cities, people singing hymns at jazz festivals for money, and the final extension of this farce, the religious night clubs. Not one person I know of in the present-day business of religion is really working only for the love of the Lord, from Billy Graham and his three-times-the-national-average-plus-expenses income, Mahalia Jackson and her howling-hymns-for-money gimmick, and fat-cat pastors in the big churches all the way down to those pious secretary types who work in missionary society offices for as good a wage as most other workers. Even those dedicated missionaries get pretty reasonable salaries and home leave, which few fail to take. The fact of this new development is disgusting enough without this self-righteous slop.

The sad fact is that all phases of the business of religion have the same source of supply—human stupidity—and there is unfortunately no way to cut them off from that.

JEFFERSON CHASE
New York City

THE DRUG CULT

To the Editor: I found Noah Gordon's article ("The Hallucinogenic Drug Cult" *The Reporter,* August 15) instructive, enlightening, and apparently based on exceptionally carefully done research. I am certainly in full accord with the tenor of the article—namely, that the cult of the psychotomimetic drugs constitutes a potentially quite dangerous menace to the already somewhat weakened mental-health foundation of our western civilization.

It is fortunate that at this point it should not be very difficult to institute effective preventive measures if the problem is approached in an unbiased, unemotional, and rational manner—something that unfortunately has not been the case until recently by most of those who were in a position to control addiction problems.

H. E. LEHMANN, M.D.
Clinical Director
Verdun Protestant Hospital
Verdun, Quebec

To the Editor: The article has given a very complete description of how a well-intentioned group of Harvard professors and graduate students have, through poor judgment, wreaked havoc on the very project they were attempting to execute. Unfortunately, the actions of this group were such as to fully justify the severe criticism contained in your article.

What is even more unfortunate is that the indiscreet actions of this group have brought vigorous discredit to the mind-releasing chemicals (LSD-25, mescaline, and psilocybin) with which they were working. Through lack of understanding, the chemicals and their effects get the blame for the injudicious behavior of their users. The result is that a very important and significant field of research is discredited without an adequate opportunity for the real potentialities to be revealed.

There is now ample evidence that, properly used in experienced hands, these drugs offer excellent possibilities for treatment of many kinds of emotional disorders, including alcoholism, sexual perversions, and character and behavioral disorders. They hold great promise as being a valuable educational tool which will allow man to understand himself and his function in the world with much deeper comprehension.

MYRON J. STOLAROFF, President
International Foundation for
Advanced Study
Menlo Park, California

To the Editor: The piece was well done and by no means too strong in quoting Dr. Dana Farnsworth as warning parents of the need to inform college students of the peril of experimenting with these drugs. It is indeed an extremely "dangerous game."

There is, of course, a place for medical research with these drugs, but only when it is carried out under extremely careful controls and in the pattern of rigid traditional models of medical research. We in medicine are strongly of the conviction that the administration of any agent that will alter the psychophysiology of a human being must be considered a medical procedure and done under medical control. Unfortunately, the controls in many instances are very difficult to work out without defeating the research goal itself, particularly when the answer is sought in legislation. But that does not gainsay the principle involved.

Our Association has not made any official policy statement on the hallucinogenic drugs, but I am confident that Dr. Farnsworth's sentiment would be shared overwhelmingly by our fourteen thousand members and by physicians everywhere, for that matter.

WALTER E. BARTON, M.D.
Medical Director
American Psychiatric Association
Washington, D.C.

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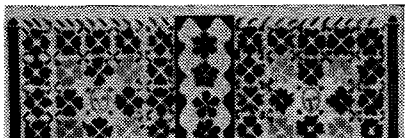

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Assorted Enemies

Pending in the Senate Judiciary Committee is a bill already passed by the House that would extend the provisions of the wartime Sedition Act to cover Americans who happen to be seditious overseas. At present, it is necessary to be seditious at home or at least within this country's maritime and admiralty jurisdiction—aboard the *Excalibur*, say, three or four miles out of Hoboken—to qualify for punishment under the act. The statute, which was dreamed up to meet the emergency of 1917, was reinstated in 1950, and its provisions still obtain since technically we are still in the throes of the Korean War. Under its terms, sedition consists of (1) making "a false report with intent to interfere with the operation or success of our Armed Forces or to promote the success of the enemies of the Armed Forces" or (2) causing or trying to cause "insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, or refusal of duty in the Armed Forces or to obstruct recruitment . . . in the Armed Forces . . ." Sedition is now, as it always has been, a matter of expressing opinions, not of committing acts.

We bring all this up because few people seem to realize that we have a Sedition Act and even fewer, in Washington at least, can understand what prompted the Justice Department to press for its extension now. Under questioning by a House committee, a Justice spokesman conceded that his department had no relevant cases pending nor was it contemplating any action in particular against the seditious overseas. One theory has it that the department, which extended the Espionage Act last year to cover Americans abroad, was motivated by a simple desire for symmetry. No one, including the department, has offered a better explanation. Indeed, the Justice spokesman could only rationalize the need for the new provision by pointing out to the congressmen that had it been in effect earlier the government could have successfully prosecuted John W. Powell, whose *China Monthly Review* undermined the morale of prisoners during the Korean War.

Speaking for the bill on the floor of the House, its sponsor, Richard Poff (R., Virginia), observed that "Unlike a generation ago, today the United States by reason of its diplomatic, military, and commercial commitments all around the globe has U.S. citizens and permanent residents of the United States traveling or temporarily resident in every quarter of the world." To our way of thinking, the nature of those diplomatic and military commitments is often so ill-designed, complex, and controversial as to render obsolete the very term "seditious." Forget about John W. Powell. What about the Republican congressional leadership during the Korean War? Was that sedition or merely contention? Or consider the case of the Soviet missiles in Cuba. Lucky for Senator Keating that he turned out not to have been spreading a false report. Our thoughts turn to South Vietnam. Does *anyone* know what is happening there? What are the fine points of sedition when we are militarily involved with a government notorious for spreading false reports to our own correspondents? Indeed, there are times when we would imagine the administration would be grateful for correspondents enterprising enough to probe beyond the official story. It took the State Department two days, after all, to catch up with the New York *Times*'s David Halberstam in even figuring out who was responsible for the raids on the pagodas.

The administration's various statements on the current crisis in South Vietnam may illustrate the best argument of all against passing any more sedition acts: From day to day it isn't clear who the enemy is. Since

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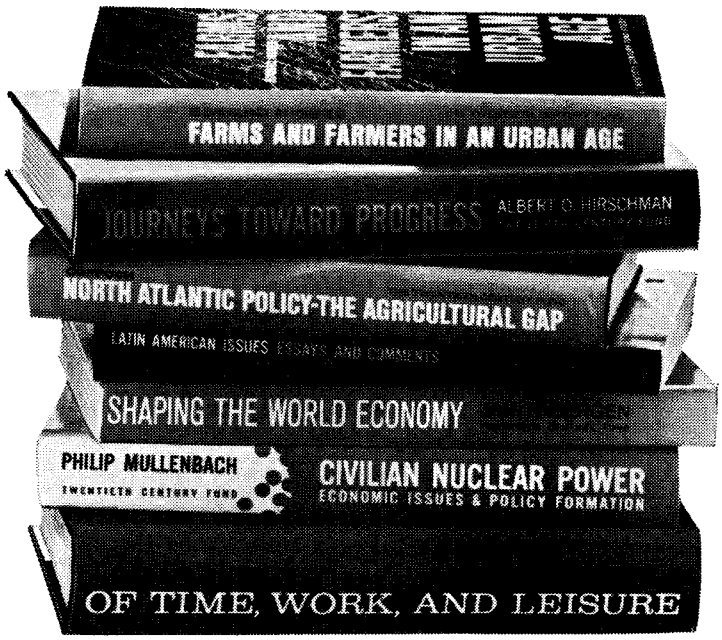
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the same situation prevails at home these days, some people think the time may have come to get rid of the Sedition Act altogether, rather than to broaden its application. Today South Vietnam—tomorrow the the South. "I would like to ask the gentleman from Virginia this question," Representative Charles Joelson (D., New Jersey) said in the course of the debate. "Under the original act where there is a civil-rights disturbance and the National Guard is activated, if the governor of the state involved were to importune the National Guard or even order to defy or do contrary to orders of the President of the United States, would the governor of that state be chargeable with sedition under the original act?"

"I could not imagine," Congressman Poff whistled loudly in the dark, "that the Attorney General of the United States would so misinterpret the patent intent of the Congress."

The Lady's Not for Burning

We owe a great deal more than we realize to the artist-authors who create our comic strips, and the chief of these debts is for the creation of the most magnificently gaudy pantheon of folk heroes the world has yet seen. Has France produced the equal of our Dagwood Bumstead, or Germany a General Bullmoose? Is there lurking, yet unborn, in some Italian artist's breast a Piedmontese counterpart of L'il Abner? Can England boast of a Pogo in rumpled tweeds, or Spain a Joe Palooka in matador's pants?

The answer, we submit, is a most emphatic "No." America's comic-strip heroes are *sui generis*; they are prototypes; we have towards them a decidedly proprietorial air, and we have a pronounced tendency to make our real-life heroes and heroines, villains and villainesses, conform to their specifications.

The case most immediately in point is Milton Caniff's Dragon Lady, that ageless package of Oriental wiles and beauty, guile and gossamer who has provided so many of us with an ineradicable mind's-eye-view of just what we should expect from an influential female politician from the East. She must, of course, first of all be beautiful; then, in turn, she must be rich, scheming, and powerful; she must also use a kind of special scent—musky, persuasive, and evocative somehow of jasmine, sandalwood, and the headsman's ax, all in one whiff.

The lady who is currently starring as America's newest Dragon Lady is, of course, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu of South Vietnam. Mme. Nhu has altered the standard script just a bit to meet her particular talents. Her choice of scent, for instance, substitutes for the suggestion of the headsman's ax a more grisly essence: she herself has referred to it as "barbecued monk," a phrase that promises to stand alone for an indefinite time, possibly for eternity.

Mme. Nhu has recorded her considerable pique with the United States in general, and President Kennedy in particular, in the letters to the editor columns of the New York *Times*, on various television networks and in a steady barrage of acid comments supplied to American correspondents on the scene in Saigon.

On the basis of her performance thus far, one could reasonably conclude that Mme. Nhu views us with something less than an open mind. This is only fair, since we have, as indicated, our own set of preconvictions about the lady, derived in just about equal parts from (1) the influence of our own comic-strip heroine the Dragon Lady and (2) the recent riots, arrests, and immolations in South Vietnam. We also remember the visit of another silken beauty from the Orient twenty years ago. That was during the Second World War, when Mme. Chiang Kai-shek called on President Roosevelt to discuss stepped-up military aid for China. At one point in the conversation, Roosevelt commented that he was having some trouble with John L. Lewis and his miners, who were threatening a strike. Mme. Chiang greeted this revelation with such a look of incredulity that Roosevelt paused and asked her what she would do in China, faced with a similar problem in wartime. The lady did not say a word. She just raised an elegantly manicured finger and drew it gracefully across her throat in a gesture that no one could have misunderstood.

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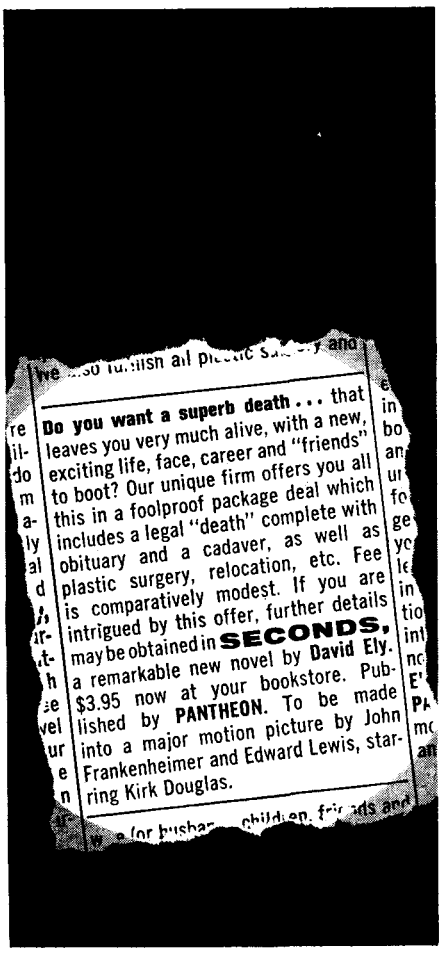
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THE TEST BAN—SUMMING UP

SENATOR HENRY M. JACKSON

The limited nuclear test ban treaty we are considering has been described by some as a step toward peace and by others as a step toward war. If it were plainly the former, the Senate would of course promptly and enthusiastically give its advice and consent to ratification. If it were plainly the latter, we would of course refuse to approve it. We have held extensive hearings and are now engaged in debate because the issue is not plain. The fact of the matter is that although the treaty is indeed a step in some direction, we do not know, and moreover we cannot know, in what direction it leads. For the treaty does not determine the direction. What we do from now on, and what the rest of the world does from now on—these are the determining factors. . . . Secretary McNamara's testimony to the Foreign Relations Committee already indicates, for example, that in order to compensate for uncertainties which could only be removed or reduced by tests forbidden by the treaty, we may have to produce and deploy greater numbers of delivery systems and radars and to disperse them more widely than would have been necessary without a treaty. . . .

The commitment to an effective safeguards program needs emphasis now . . . because voices are already being heard outside government to the effect that the safeguards should not be implemented and are indeed inconsistent with the spirit of the treaty. . . .

In light of the testimony that has been given and the understandings that have been reached with respect to the policy of the Administration in safeguarding the national interest and in light of considerations I shall state in a few moments, I believe that the Senate may prudently give its advice and consent to ratification.

I now wish . . . to indicate the other considerations that have led me to this conclusion. . . . *One.* No responsible official has based his recommendations on the view that basic Soviet purposes have changed. . . . *Two.* No responsible official has disputed the view that in the future, as in the past, our national security will depend on, among other things, a favorable military position. . . . *Three.* No responsible official has rested the case for the treaty on a belief that the Soviet government can be trusted. . . . *Four.* Secretary of Defense McNamara and the Joint Chiefs have testified that the balance of military power is in our favor at the present moment . . .

What are the risks we run? Let me emphasize five among the many that might be mentioned.

First, there is the risk that we will relax and fall back into a state which the Senate has learned to call euphoria. . . . In this regard, our previous record as a nation is not too reassuring. On occasions when we should have stayed awake, we went to sleep. . . . *Second,* there may be a serious misjudgment of the basis for the change in Soviet policy. It is to be hoped that it is in fact our strength and not a major Soviet military-technological advance that has persuaded Moscow that this agreement is advantageous. . . . If we come to the conclusion at any time that this is the case, we must be prepared to exercise our right of withdrawal from the treaty. *Third,* we run the risk of planned abrogation of the treaty by the Soviet Union. . . . *Fourth,* it is generally conceded that the Communist Chinese are now engaged in a substantial nuclear weapons program and that in the very near future they will be testing in the atmosphere. The advent of this new unchecked nuclear power may well require us to withdraw from the agreement. *Fifth,* it is altogether possible and indeed, in my opinion, probable that a group of nations, with Soviet encouragement, will seek to amend the treaty in the not distant future so as to ban underground tests without inspection or with wholly inadequate arrangements for inspection. . . . We must be prepared to take our knocks, if necessary, and remain firm in our resolve that a ban on underground tests must be conditioned on fully satisfactory arrangements for inspection. . . .

It is my belief that these and other risks that we will inevitably run under this agreement are tolerable: *Provided,* that it is firm national policy to keep alert and to protect the present and future credibility of our military deterrent; and *Provided,* furthermore, that it is firm national policy to use the protections provided in the treaty when, as, and if needed to guard vital national interests, including the right of withdrawal and the right to exercise the veto by withholding our consent under Article 2 to any attempt to change the treaty by amendment in a form imperiling our vital interests.

(From a speech delivered in the Senate on September 13)

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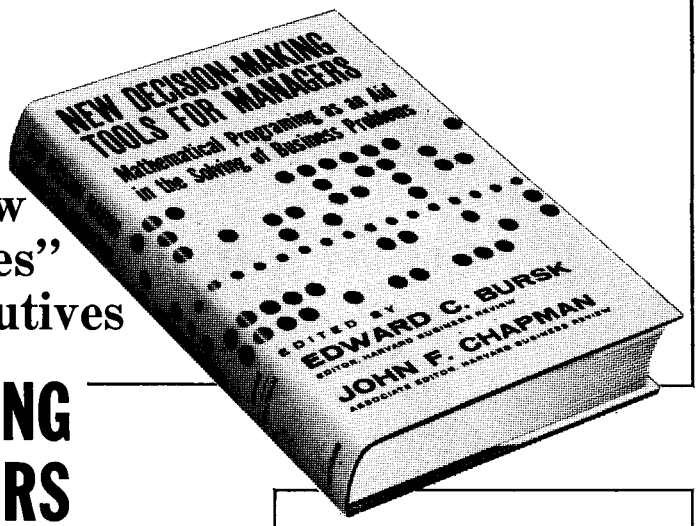
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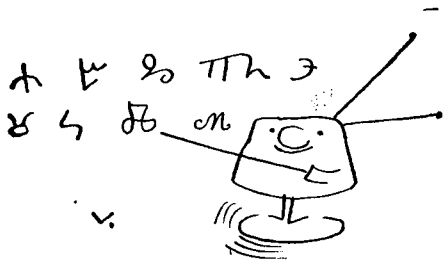
Science Goes To Washington



MEG GREENFIELD

IN THE BEGINNING, a current saying in Washington goes, were the lawyers; next came the economists; and then came the businessmen. Now it is the scientists' turn. This new breed, or more precisely, these new hybrids, who began their more or less reluctant ascent to power during the Second World War, are now so thoroughly enmeshed and infiltrated into every level of government that no one seems capable of stating with any precision just what their function is.

The role of the scientist-in-government as it has evolved in Washington in the past twenty years has been interpreted so loosely, by both the scientists and the administrations that have dealt with them, that each has inflicted punishment on the other, and neither, so far, seems to show any genuine understanding of the duties or requirements of the other. Invariably, science in Washington is science under pressure; it is science having to react to something, science having to hurry along, science having to worry about what the Russians might do, what the Congress may say, what Bertrand Russell is likely to think of next. The government in turn has yet to get accustomed to this strange community whose members are given in the best academic tradition to squabbling, back-scratching, and casting doubt on one another's competence—a community that cannot help being politically minded and yet cannot possibly resolve its dissensions according to majority principle.

IT IS A MEASURE of the difficulty that nobody has—or could—come up with a readily comprehensible table of organization to explain the labyrinth of agencies, foundations, consultantships, academies, and committees that has grown up in Washington in recent years. A simpler guide might begin with the new Office of Science and Technology, created a year ago. The OST, which is directed by Jerome B. Wiesner, is part of the Executive Office and is accountable to Congress. It is charged, formally, with evaluating the programs of other agencies, and with helping to formulate national science policy.

Next, there would be the Federal Council for Science and Technology, a subcabinet group of which Wiesner is the chairman. The Federal Council is composed of a ranking member of each of eight government agencies along with a few official observers, and its purpose is to co-ordinate government programs in science. The task is a formidable one, since even such agencies of government as the Small Business Administration engage in some sort of scientific activity, while the giants such as the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Department of Defense maintain their own laboratories, award their own contracts, and employ their own private armies of consultants. But the Federal Council's aims are modest. According to one staff aide, it is presently working against the day when ships from two of the twenty government agencies presumed to be involved in oceanography collide and sink while trying to take the same soundings.

In yet another of his capacities, that as Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology, Wiesner and his staff of thirty-five function as personal advisers to the President. Here they work with the President's Science Advisory Committee (P-SAC), eighteen distinguished and more or less nongovernment scientists and engineers who meet monthly under their chairman, who, again, is Wiesner. P-SAC members are organized into standing committees and *ad hoc* panels, and for assistance they draw on a pool of around two hundred part-time panelists and consultants whose identity is kept secret. (Reportedly, about half the mystery guests come from private industry, and of these the largest single group is said to be from Bell Telephone Laboratories.) P-SAC may also receive what are known as "inputs" from committees of the National Science Foundation, which is concerned with the development of science and science education. Finally, the Foundation, P-SAC, the Federal Council, the individual agencies, and Wiesner in any of his multitudinous roles may request advice from the National Academy of Sciences, a quasi-official agency that has close ties to the Federal government.

One consequence of this chaotic institutional structure is that no one can be sure exactly what a government scientist is or, more to the point, when he is acting as one. It is not unusual to find a scientist like biologist H. Bentley Glass serving simultaneously as an adviser to the AEC on the effects of atomic radiation, as one of the independent experts selected by the National Academy to pronounce upon the same subject, and as a participant in such private groups as the Congress of Scientists on Survival and the Pugwash conferences, which on occasion deplore what the AEC is doing. One effect of the now-they-have-it-now-they-don't relationship many scientists enjoy with government has been to make remarkably vague the degree of their officialness at any given moment in terms of both their rights and their responsibilities.

The Status of Science

When is a government scientist speaking for government, and when is he speaking as a private citizen? Government has provided few guide lines, and those adopted by the sci-

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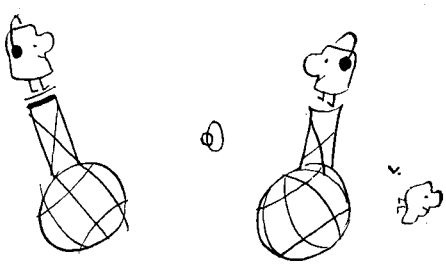
entists themselves have been, by and large, unsatisfactory. Last summer, for example, UCLA physicist Joseph Kaplan, who serves as an adviser to both the White House and the Air Force, was asked by a television interviewer for his opinion of the high-altitude nuclear test that had recently been conducted over Johnston Island. He emphatically regretted that the United States had been first to violate "an international agreement" to submit any such potentially harmful experiments in space to international scientific judgment. Yet questioning disclosed that the United States government was not a party to the agreement at all. The "agreement" had been subscribed to by official delegates of the semi-official National Academy at a conference of the International Council of Scientific Unions (ICSU), an organization that is remotely connected with the U.N.

When the scientists are unable to distinguish between their private and their public areas of responsibility, it frequently is government that ends up being embarrassed. Regularly, for example, members of P-SAC go off to the Pugwash conferences. There on occasion they have agreed to disarmament schemes less stringent than those they presumably support as members of government. In explanation of this practice, it has been said that they are acting in their capacity as private citizens, and no doubt they are. The problem has been the Russians' persistent refusal to take the disclaimer seriously, partly because the concept of "private capacity" is unfamiliar to them and partly because it is logical to expect that the views of the President's advisers—public or private—may ultimately carry some weight and even prevail. The effect has sometimes been confusion over U.S. policy, a fact that has begun to trouble even some former enthusiasts of Pugwash. "I think," I was told by one, a P-SAC member presently trying to devise a new format for the conferences, "that Khrushchev may have been misled by some things that were said in private on Berlin in 1961." Not long ago, in fact, Khrushchev, in a correspondence with President Kennedy, alluded to the views of U.S. scientists at Pugwash to bolster his own position on the monitoring of a test ban. In reply, the President was obliged to point out that the scientists "were speaking as individuals."

Painful as such effects of the scientists' irregular status may be, there is little that is likely to be done about it. For most attempts to bring scientists further within the framework of ordinary governmental procedures are suspected as attempts to compromise them; and many scientists who have no trouble understanding, say, the need to "muzzle" the military on subjects that may affect the conduct of foreign affairs consider a call for restraint on the part of government scientists an attack upon their intellectual freedom. This confusion, institutionally blessed, that characterizes their relationship to government in general, leaving them never quite free but never quite responsible either, also characterizes their manner of functioning within it.

"WHO IS PROVIDING the facts . . . ?" Representative Melvin Price (D., Illinois) demanded a while back. "By what authority do they act? . . . Are they qualified?" It was the familiar cry of a congressman who has



learned that government scientists have lately put the kibosh on one of his favorite projects—the nuclear-powered aircraft in this instance—and who also knows that his questions will not be answered. For the system and its mode of operation are such that even well outside areas of security classification it is rarely possible to determine who has acted, for what reason, or even in what capacity.

What with everyone participating *ex officio* in everyone else's business and regularly exchanging an embarrassment of inputs, the point has finally been reached where it is no longer clear at a given meeting who is advising and who is consenting and, in either case, on behalf of whom. Thus physicist James A. Van Allen complained last winter that he had been "intimidated" by members of a P-SAC committee before which he twice appeared, only to learn that he had never appeared before a P-SAC committee. It turned out to have been an interagency group convened by Wiesner in P-SAC headquarters under the auspices of the OST. There were P-SAC members present in some capacity and outside consultants too, but they were agency advisers on this occasion. For having failed to grasp this distinction, Van Allen was later charged by one of Wiesner's aides with a lack of "sophistication." In other words, what began as a laudable exercise in co-ordination has ended by almost completely dissolving lines of responsibility in government science, a process that has been hastened by the informal out-of-channels way in which the Kennedy administration likes to operate. In contrast with the two Special Presidential Assistants who preceded him, for example, the somewhat stately James R. Killian, Jr., and the respected scholar George B. Kistiakowsky, Wiesner is widely and admiringly held to be "an operator" in Washington.

Whether or not, as it is claimed, Wiesner accomplishes more this way, there has been a further loss of visibility in an already dim area of activity, and government scientists themselves have begun to complain. What once might have been public reports, according to some consultants who prepare them, are nowadays treated as documents for Wiesner's own guidance, and panel findings that seem to be going the wrong way are apt to meet untimely and mysterious ends more often than was thought practical in the past. The secrecy of preparations for the Johnston Island shot, for instance, bothered many scientists more than the test itself. Joseph Kaplan, who thought the test a "very good experiment," claims to have written Wiesner some "rather frank and strong letters" on the subject. "You were quoted . . . ," Kaplan's TV interviewer said apropos of his displeasure, "that the only way to get any information on what we're doing in the scientific space experiments was to sit around the Cosmos Club in Washington. Is that an accurate

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quote?" "No," said Kaplan, "that's simply one of the better ways. . . ."

For each of the factors that tend to put the scientists beyond accountability and their work beyond review—the maze at the working level, the fuzziness of authority at the middle and the top, and the unorthodoxy of present operations—good reasons and even necessity can sometimes be adduced. But taken together with the part-time nature of many scientists' employment, they have undeniably encouraged on more than one occasion a quick, casual, and even sloppy approach to problems, one that the scientists themselves would be the last to tolerate in their own laboratories. And, as is often the case, an inadequate system has begun to become a justification for its own inadequacies. For even though the government scientists' footlooseness and relative obscurity tend to promote careless work and to make its discovery by others difficult, the possibility of such work occurring has been offered by Wiesner and others as a reason for making their activities even more obscure. The point, as it is often argued in Washington, is that government simply could not get scientists to come down to perfunctory, accident-prone, potentially embarrassing work if even so much as their identity were revealed.

Partly on the basis of such unreassuring logic, a kind of secrecy has been maintained about government scientists that is practiced elsewhere in Washington only on behalf of intelligence agents. Not only are the names of some two hundred P-SAC consultants kept secret, but so are those of other paid scientific advisers to government. Spokesmen for both the Air Force and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency recently refused to divulge the identity of certain of their scientific advisers on the grounds that to do so would (1) expose them to "pressure," (2) ensure that they would receive unwanted mail, and (3) put them under public scrutiny, which was exactly where they did not want to be.

Why shouldn't government scientists be under public scrutiny? The prevalent view seems to be that since science is more or less objective truth, scientists themselves are all but interchangeable, and their individual identity need not be a matter of concern. It is a view that, oddly enough, the public and the press seem to share. "A noted biologist," the New York *Post* declared not long ago, had made a certain comment about radioactive fallout. The *Post* quoted his comment and proceeded to base a passionate editorial upon it, never bothering to reveal which noted biologist he was, one presumably being as good as the next. The government scientists' exemption from public responsibility, in other words their relative freewheeling and remoteness, are more than side effects of the curious ways in which most of them have been organized into government; it is thought that they should be thus exempt, freewheeling, and remote.

Not long ago, a press officer of the Arms Control Agency informed me that the identity of ten scientists working full-time as civil servants *within* the agency could not be disclosed to the press. He reluctantly produced their names only when he had come to understand the difference between managing the news and managing civil-service regulations. "We claim Executive privilege," he said quite seriously at one point. And at another: "What good would it possibly do you? Why do you want to know who they are?"

The Influentials

Well, who are they? Who are the government scientists? One answer, of course, is practically everyone who has an advanced degree in science or engineering. For taking account of government contracts with universities, industry, and nonprofit organizations, it is estimated that between sixty per cent and seventy per cent of the nation's scientists and engineers are directly or indirectly employed by Washington. According to the Science Foundation, scientists and engineers account for 128,000 of the government's white-collar workers, or about eight per cent of the total. But in discussing those of their number whom they consider "politically relevant," scientists do not speak in thousands but in hundreds. One study, after investigating the subject, posited an "elite" of nine hundred and an "active elite" of 392. Killian reportedly has arrived at two hundred as the number of government scientists who are "consistently influential."

Because of the mystery in which they move and the frustration of those who have tried to find the locus of scientific decisions in Washington, the "active elite" has become subject to vague and contradictory accusations. Characteristically, suspicion on the Right and despair on the Left have produced two abiding myths about where the weight lies in government science and who the Influentials actually are. They are, to hear it told on Capitol Hill, the "fuzzy-wuzzies," by which is meant, roughly, the do-good, left-wing, academic basic-research set. "Like Rabi," they say to cover the other few hundred; ". . . like Bethe." At least, however, proponents of the fuzzy-wuzzy theory can produce a name or two upon request. The same cannot be said for the other side, the believers in the omnipotence of someone called the Military Scientist, a heartless, scheming, and above all irresponsible fellow who would just as soon blow up the Taj Mahal as look at it.

Neither of these devil theories makes much sense. For while it is true that military experiments often develop from recommendations made by the working scientists in the labs of the AEC and the armed services, higher approval has often come from none other than the so-called fuzzy-wuzzies. This was true, for example, of the two experiments most loudly denounced as Pentagon plots in recent years—the Johnston Island test and Project West Ford, a communications experiment that involved creating an orbital belt of copper needles around the earth.

Actually, the academic-military distinction is a false one, and not only because "fuzzy-wuzzies" may claim credit for having invented much of the infernal modern machinery of war. Most of the "active elite" could qualify either as military scientists *or* as fuzzy-wuzzies, whichever they themselves found less disturbing in terms of their personal politics. For the main thing to understand about the "active elite" is what makes it so active in the first place: there are many more influential jobs, it would seem, than there are influential scientists to fill them. Indeed, one reason all the institu-

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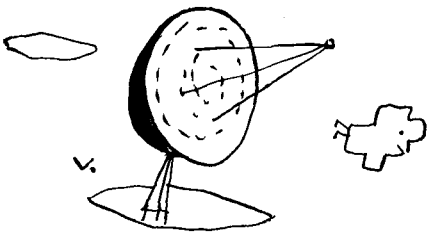
tion-building and committee-creating of the past few years has brought relatively little order to science advising is that the new positions have gone, by and large, to the same old frantic, multi-hatted, overworked, exclusive crew. There exists at the top in government science not an academic-military split but what political scientists have politely described as a "self-selecting group" that "intercommunicates," and what congressmen rather more bluntly have called a game of musical chairs. In part it exists by default, and in part it exists by design. "Only those who circulate . . . in the right circles," as an editorial in *Science* magazine puts it, "who have the right connections, are likely to be called on to give advice . . ." Not long ago a prominent government consultant with whom I was discussing the controversy about the effect of the Johnston Island test on the Van Allen Belt thought it relevant to point out that Van Allen was "just a little man from Iowa." The question I should have asked, he said, "was whether we would hire him at MIT."

The "right connections," by all accounts, were made during and shortly after the war. Those most multifariously involved in government science are likely to be wartime veterans (or students of the veterans) of one of two institutions: Los Alamos or the MIT Radiation Laboratory (Rad Lab), which was run by Lee DuBridge during the war. After the war there was further commingling on military projects and science advisory committees. According to one scrupulous historian of these matters, some time around 1954 the "core group of the Rad Lab and the old Los Alamos people seemed to merge." Los Alamos as an institution has declined since then. California, on the other hand, has gained ground. And people have moved from place to place. At the present time, government science advising might best be described as a sort of Harvard-MIT-Bell Telephone-Caltech situation, with lines out to a few Eastern universities and to Palo Alto, Berkeley, and the RAND Corporation.

WHILE THE NUMBER of posts held simultaneously or in succession is one index of a government's scientist's influence, it doesn't tell the whole story. Being appointed is one thing; being listened to is another. Friendship, skill, chance, willingness to work, and a little bit of auld lang



syne have combined in various ways to make some of the elite more elite than others. Certain members of P-SAC are called on for advice more often than is P-SAC itself—Edward Purcell, Wolfgang Panofsky, Jerrold Zacharias, George B. Kistiakowsky, Harvey Brooks, who is Dean of Engineering and Applied Physics at Harvard, and Paul Doty, a Harvard chemist who is a close friend of the President's special assistant, McGeorge Bundy, and who has taken an active interest in disarmament and the test ban. Also, government has its favored businessmen-scientists, such as James Fisk, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, and Emmanuel Piore, who is vice-president for research and engineering at IBM. Similarly, the advice of certain lab directors in the field often carries more weight in Washington than that of their nominal superiors. One of these is Norris Bradbury, director of Los Alamos. Another is John S. Foster, Jr., who is director of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in California and who, along with Richard and Albert Latter of the RAND Corporation, John Wheeler of Princeton, and a few others, represents what has come to be thought of as the scientific shadow cabinet or loyal opposition on questions having to do with nuclear armament and disarmament.

From the days of the Manhattan District Project there has existed within the community of government science a political split over the proper use and control of atomic weapons, a split that was exacerbated by the Oppenheimer hearings and subsequent controversies over fallout and the technology of a test ban. For several years after the war, power shifted from side to side as scientists of opposing views swept in and out of control. The hegemony of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC (I. I. Rabi, DuBridge, Fisk, *et al.*) ended with the Oppenheimer hearings and was followed by a period of hegemony on the part of the Teller group. The ascent of Sputnik in 1957, and a new interest in a test ban on the part of the Eisenhower administration, combined to bring on Period 3. Killian became Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology and P-SAC, formerly part of the Office of Defense Mobilization, was elevated to the White House. Its members included Fisk, Kistiakowsky, Rabi, Wiesner, and Zacharias, and for about two years they were again at the undisputed center of scientific power in Washington. The creation of other agencies and advisory groups in government—largely at their own recommendation—has dissipated P-SAC's power since then and given the loyal opposition at least a chance to speak if not always to be heard.

If most of those in the new positions have been around before, one reason may be lethargy and indifference on the part of the out-group scientists as well as finickiness and snobbery on the inside. "You sit on the sidelines and complain," Wiesner chided a convention of scientists in Washington recently. But, he added, it was "surprising" how many scientists when approached by the government made it plain that they only were willing "to come down and help out occasionally." Indeed, the chairmanship of the National Science Foundation went begging for nine months until Atomic Energy Commissioner Leland Haworth, still a member of the "in-group," finally took it this spring. And it took Wiesner more than a year after OST had been established by law to oversee all scientific operations in government to acquire the deputy director provided for in the act. Some people said he couldn't find one, others that he wouldn't; writ large, the argument was whether the dearth of government scientists was due to the fact that no one has been knocking at the door or to the fact that no one

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has been answering. But whatever has caused the scarcity, it still exists.

What has happened since Sputnik rattled the china in 1957 has been an elevation of scientists, who were for the most part already there, to posts of new responsibility with access to the top. P-SAC moved up to the White House; scientists were taken on by the departments for the first time at the secretariat level; advisory groups were established to communicate directly with Congress and with agency heads; a scientist, Glenn T. Seaborg, became chairman of the AEC. The movement has been upward, and the harassed few now constitute a new class in Washington. They are scientific upper-middlemen—translators, reviewers, communicators, monitors of what goes on below in the labs and agencies, as well as participants in what goes on above, namely policymaking.

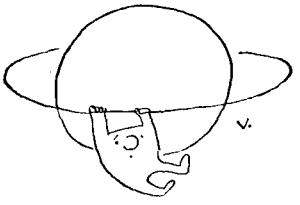
The Nature of Science Advising

In a series of Godkin Lectures delivered at Harvard a few years ago, C. P. Snow related a story of conflict between two British science advisers during the war, laying stress on the intractable mysteries of scientific knowledge and its inaccessibility to those in government who had to base decisions upon it. Though Snow's lectures were widely challenged, this chilling and romantic version of science advising dies hard. For the least argument, accident, or admission of uncertainty related to science these days continues to bring on that now familiar host of editorial warnings about how the nation and its leaders must learn science while there's time, or it's curtains for the democratic process. Are the warnings justified? Is radiophysics, like democracy, really everybody's job?

According to those who give and receive advice in Washington, the answer is "No." Wiesner, speaking of the President, and Harold Brown, Director of Defense Research and Engineering, speaking of Secretary McNamara, both concede that there have been times when they had trouble communicating information because of its technical complexity. But such trouble is said to be rare and relatively easy to overcome. "If you can't put it into English," as Jerrold Zacharias has summed up the prevailing view, "it means you don't understand it yourself." Far more troublesome to those who receive advice from Washington's new class of scientific watchdogs, consultants, and policymakers has been the seemingly simple matter of figuring out what is a scientific question in the first place, and what is a scientific answer.

No one was in a mood to make such discriminations in the period immediately following Sputnik I. "They gave us a flabbergasting array of responsibilities," Killian has recalled of those days in 1957 and 1958 when a kind of desperate blur characterized official thinking about the scientists' newly announced purpose of bringing their wisdom to bear on such policy matters as military security and the space race. They were looked upon by the White House and by many in Congress as saviors and miracle workers who could solve, rather than merely assist in, the problems of defense.

THE PROBLEM of determining what exactly is a scientific question was nowhere so acute and is nowhere better illustrated than in the general field of disarmament and the test ban, largely because science slips so easily and imperceptibly into nonscience at almost every point on both issues. Last spring, for example, the following statement was made before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy by Air Force seismologist Carl F. Romney: "Based on all



the information now available, we can conclude that it is feasible to design a detection system, based entirely outside the Soviet Union, which is capable of detecting explosions of about 1 kiloton in granite, 2-6 kilotons in tuff, and 10-20 kilotons in alluvium." As a statement of fact, it was agreed to by government scientists. Yet the old quarrel over our detection capabilities immediately broke out anew among them. Why? They were arguing about many things—whether the Soviet Union would go to the expense of developing weapons below that threshold of detection, whether such weapons would be worth not only the cost to them but the opprobrium of getting caught—whether, in fact, such weapons would have any decisive military value at all. In other words, they were arguing about Soviet intentions and Soviet strategy, not about science. Failing to appreciate the distinction, many people continue to invoke the scientist of their choice in support of their own test-ban and disarmament positions in the happy belief that they are citing unchallengeable scientific authority.

The associative process whereby a physicist's special knowledge of nuclear weapons is transformed into an equally special knowledge of all the political, military, and diplomatic problems in which they figure has got the government into trouble often enough now to be fairly widely recognized for what it is—though not by everybody. In one case, when I asked a member of P-SAC not long ago if he could describe the extent to which government scientists found themselves marshaling facts in support of decisions already taken, he replied with great feeling, though a little off the point, "Never! Because we have always told them what's coming. *They* ask *us*."

His subsequent account of the astuteness and foresight scientists have displayed as instructed military thinkers has been challenged lately by a number of non-scientists in and around government. Albert Wohlstetter, formerly of RAND, in a recent speech presented an imposing collection of mistaken predictions and judgments made by such scientists as Bethe, Teller, and Rabi on such subjects as air defense, civil defense, Soviet behavior, and military strategy in general since the onset of the cold war. "I believe neither Dr. Teller nor Dr. Bethe has done . . . systematic analysis of the military worth of these weapons they talk about," he said. "Both are experts on the technology of bomb design. But that is quite another matter."

Congress Eyes the 'Experts'

Predictably, the newly gained insights into what is and what is not a scientific issue in government have suggested to some that time is ripe

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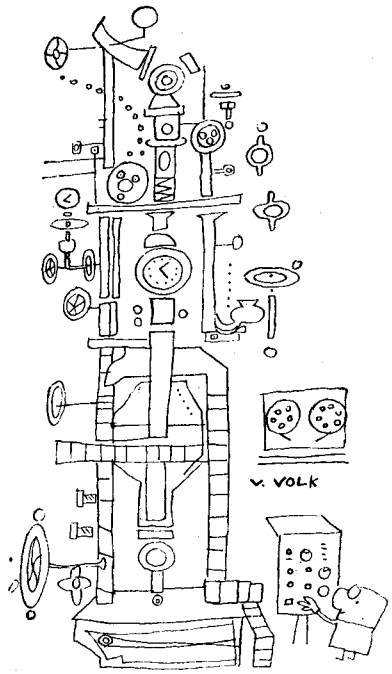
for that classical counter-revolution against the government scientist—back to the bevatron and speak only when spoken to. Something of the sort, for instance, was in the mind of Congressman Craig Hosmer (R., California) last March when he demanded that a statement made before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy by scientist Jack Ruina be stricken from the record since, even though Ruina had identified the statement as an opinion, it dealt with aspects of a test ban that were outside his special competence as an electrical engineer. "This witness is stating an opinion in an area in which he is not an expert," as Congressman Hosmer summed up the New Thinking, "and therefore it clutters the record." Ruina, who was then Director of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency, has probably been one of Washington's most careful and sensitive scientists where infringements of this kind are concerned. At the level of government where he operated, it would be highly impractical to try to keep science advisers in bottles. The genuinely scientific part of most issues in government is so thoroughly entwined with and dependent upon other considerations that it is at best an imperfect, partial science. Thus, Wiesner, at the time of the United States' resumption of atmospheric nuclear testing in 1962, was not called upon to deal absolutely with the question of how much radioactive fission release would be permissible or safe. Rather, he is said to have mediated a behind-the-scenes dispute on the matter between the Public Health Service on the one hand and the AEC and Defense on the other, balancing potential risks to health against potential risks to military security in the light of what the Russians were thought to have achieved in their tests.

The word "potential" was the key on both sides of the radiation dispute, since the ultimate effects of radioactive fallout were—and are—if anything more a subject of conjecture among scientists than the achievements of the Soviet test series. But the sacred distinctions that scientists normally make between scientific fact and scientific theory, or that which is known because it has been proved and that which is still a matter of speculation, have all but gone by the boards in government.



Even making allowance for the fact that government scientists are often pushed into making such premature judgments, however, too often they seem to volunteer them as well. Accordingly, some people have begun to speak wistfully of the need for some sort of self-enforced fair labeling practice among scientists, one that would require them to indicate (as Ruina, in fact, did) when they are departing scientific fact for scientific speculation and when they are departing science altogether. Take the affair of the "black boxes"—the unmanned detection stations that were set forth last winter as a means of policing a test-ban treaty. The scientists had said they were "safe," as people liked to point out. But what exactly had they meant by "safe"? "There never was much enthusiasm around here for the black-box concept," an Arms Control Agency scientist explained to me. "But after the Russians made it plain that they wouldn't take internationally manned stations, we began to find the idea more attractive. Black boxes aren't very reliable when you compare them with manned stations. But they are reliable when you compare them with nothing." So much for the policy judgment and the meaning of "safe." What precisely had the scientists meant by "black box"? There was and still is no such thing—except in theory. Understandably, this bit of news came as something of a shock to legislators who were pondering its place in our then current test-ban proposal last March. Was the black box real or was it "imaginary," as Senator John Pastore (D., Rhode Island) finally put the question to J. H. Hamilton, who is responsible for the project. "I think this system is essentially within the state of the art," Hamilton replied. ". . . I would say to assemble these components, to test, and be reasonably sure of yourself, we are talking about eighteen months."

Such canny questioning of scientists is a relatively new development on Capitol Hill, and its meaning has not been lost on the administration. The plummy days of the hushed hearing room and the reverential "Well, now, Doctor . . ." are becoming a thing of the past. And for once, the narrowing squint of Congress has been turned on the scientists' science rather than on their political upbringing. Consequently, not only have the President and his advisers themselves learned that the phrase "The scientists say . . ." may carry any number of meanings and degrees of authority; they have also learned that simply to quote them will no longer do to persuade Congress of the wisdom of a particular decision. For the Congress has learned that a scientist's own emotions and his personal politics may well affect the advice he gives.

THE REPUGNANCE with which most people respond to the idea that a scientist may even have such things as emotions and politics, let alone that either might influence his work, is a tribute to the durability of some rather odd beliefs about both science and politics, and about any encounter that takes place between them. Science is the man in the white coat, the thinking goes, and politics is the man with the stale cigar, from which it follows that a politically motivated scientist must be a venal one, a passer along of equations that don't prove out. The truth is considerably less dramatic. P-SAC, for example, has a reputation for scientific rashness where the test ban is concerned and for scientific skepticism about proposed military weap-

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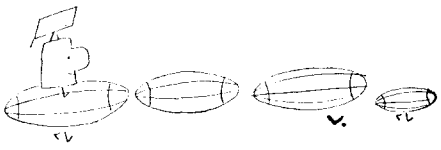
ons systems. Among Defense Department scientists, quite naturally, it has been the other way round. "It's hard to separate emotion from hard facts," an Arms Control Agency scientist explained. "We can get agreement on the facts, but not on what we could do on the basis of them. We can't get agreement on the scientific promise, on where it will lead."

He was talking about the test ban, and his first point was illustrated—and continues to be—in the scientists' quarrel over the meaning of the element of uncertainty in test detection. To those scientists, such as Teller, who oppose the ban, the uncertainty meant danger: we could not be sure of detecting Russian evasions. To those who favored the ban it meant increased safety: the Russians could not be sure of evading detection and therefore would be less apt to cheat.

The test ban serves equally to illustrate the way in which the scientists' political inclinations have affected their intuition and inventiveness—their actual scientific creativity. In Washington the process is known as "finding ways that things won't work." Both Teller and Bethe have proved masters of the art. Teller, as Wohlstetter has pointed out, has been particularly adept at imagining weapons that the United States could not develop under the terms of a test-ban treaty. Bethe, on the other hand, has generally responded to such imaginings with imaginings of his own—"enemy countermeasures which would reduce their military worth to zero." The scientists' advice has not only been affected by their political preference. Their curious status between and betwixt government and private roles has left room for any number of interests to inspire their advice in both areas. As presiders over the national science purse, are the scientists speaking in the interests of science or in the interest of government or in the interest of their own institutions? Is their policy advice, on the other hand, offered in furtherance of national objectives or agency objectives—or their own objectives based on their political thinking? It has begun to become apparent that wherever they have favored the more private aim over the more public one, they have not only limited their usefulness to government—except as checks and balances to each other—but undermined their own influence as well. The extent of the confusion that exists on the subject became apparent at a meeting of the Federation of American Scientists not long ago when Wiesner was asked rather imperiously from the floor how he could justify the way in which government annually disposed of its $12-billion budget for science when there were so many neglected projects more worthy of support. The funds, Wiesner pointed out, were not being spent *for* science but *on* it. They were being spent *for* government, he said.

Shooting the Moon

Despite its many achievements, the present balancing act has proved inadequate for the chores the scientists in government set for themselves. It has not been possible to make even a start on the establishment of scientific priorities and long-range plans for science. Agency monitoring proceeds on a helter-skelter basis. And chaos and frenzy are at least as common to the process of advising as order. "Valuable as such [*ad hoc*] advice is," as Kistiakowsky has summed up the problem, "it does not fill today's requirements for a continuing and intimate involvement in the policymaking process of competent people who understand science and its significance to policy . . ." Indeed, six years after the ascent of Sputnik, what might be



called the state of space in Washington is a fairly good index of what the scientists have and have not been able to achieve—and why.

"The scientists cringe when you call it science," a NASA administrator recently told me on the subject of Project Apollo, the moon-flight program. He added that of course it wasn't supposed to be "science"; science was only one part of the program. In return, many scientists have pointed out that while science is a relatively small part of the program, the program will still have an enormous impact, by reason of money spent and manpower committed, on the future of science itself.

But to some extent the fault was their own. The point has been made that the initial response of the newly elevated P-SAC and of other leaders of the scientific community in 1957 to the post-Sputnik space emergency was almost entirely geared to the interests of science—from the original proposal for a research-oriented space agency to the casual dismissal of both the military and diplomatic ramifications of a space program. "There is plenty to do without trying to nail the American flag on the whole solar system by next week," Lee DuBridge put it at the time. By speaking mainly for science conceived as basic research, P-SAC saw its power over the program diminish and with it the chance to influence the program's impact on science.

The moon program was worked out over a hectic weekend in May of 1961 at the Pentagon following Alan Shepard's successful suborbital flight. It was a political response to the Gagarin venture and to the Cuban disaster, among other things. Reportedly, Secretary McNamara, James Webb of NASA, and a few others met round the clock starting Friday evening and worked out the crash program that was presented to the President for a decision the following Monday. "We had been told," as one of the participants puts it, "not to fool around." What was Wiesner's role? "Jerry was associated with the decision. He was called in. He was there. He wanted everything to be done right by the administration. And he had his constituency of scientists he was worried about too. As I remember, he was torn."

In Washington these days, the definition of a truly hip science adviser is one who knows that the moon money could be better spent on other scientific projects and who also knows that Congress won't appropriate it for any of them. The kind of passive in-betweenness this suggests is more or less the state of science advising now. "The scientists think you are a tool of the administration," Wiesner told me in summing up the predicament not long ago, "and the administration thinks you are a tool of the scientists."

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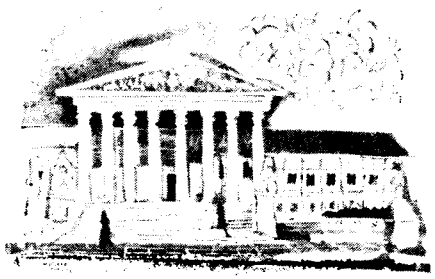
The Role of the Courts: Conscience of a Sovereign People

J. SKELLY WRIGHT

THERE IS abroad in this country a major debate concerning the role of the courts in expanding individual freedom and in increasing respect for human rights.

One school of thought, known as the advocates of judicial restraint, has advised the judges to move cautiously. Judges cannot give the people more freedom than the people themselves want or deserve, they tell us. And whatever freedom the people want or deserve cannot be kept from them by the judges. So from this point of view, it is useless for the judges to concern themselves with expanding the sphere of human freedom. It may be worse than useless, for judicial protection of individual rights may well encroach on the powers and prerogatives of other branches of our government, thereby upsetting our Constitutional system of checks and balances. Thus, it is said, it is to state legislatures and to Congress, rather than to the courts, that the people must look for the protection of their rights. Moreover, if the judges take the burden of defending and expanding freedom upon their own shoulders, then the people may grow lazy and less vigilant, and neglect their own duties in protecting freedom. It is the efforts of the people themselves, expressed through the election of their chosen representatives, which underlie whatever freedom exists in our nation. Or so the advocates of judicial restraint would have it.

But the rival school of thought, derisively called the judicial activists, has taken quite a different view. For them, it is the duty of the courts to do all in their power to protect those freedoms which our Constitution grants. The courts will not be able to do all that is necessary by themselves. The courts have no army like the President, nor can the judiciary declare war as Congress can. But the courts can act as the collective conscience of a sovereign people—just as once nations had chancellors to act as conscience to the king. With courts performing their duty of proclaiming the eternal rights and liberties of the people, the people will not be slow to defend the banners raised by the courts. And the President and Congress will fall in line. This judges must do, according to the judicial activist, in deciding the cases and controversies involving the rights of human beings.



Moreover, freedom under our Constitution is not subject to any elections, state or Federal. The fundamental freedoms announced in the Bill of Rights are inalienable, and the protection of those rights, by the Constitution itself, is consigned to the courts. With the late Justice Robert H. Jackson the activists say:

"The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

Witnesses and the Flag

Perhaps the most dramatic demonstration of the difference between these two schools of thought occurred during the Second World War, when the Jehovah's Witnesses experienced a wave of persecution in our country because of their unusual religious beliefs and practices. Matters reached a climax when a number of local school boards required that schoolchildren—including Jehovah's Witnesses—give a daily pledge of allegiance to the flag. The Jehovah's Witnesses refused to do this, for they felt that such an act was contrary to the Bible's command "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." As a consequence of this refusal, Jehovah's Witnesses across the country faced the prospect of having their children expelled from school, arrested as truants, taken from their parents, and sent to reform schools.

Eventually this problem arrived at our highest tribunal, the Supreme Court, as it seems almost every major social problem does today. In a straightforward statement of the views of the advocates of judicial restraint, the Supreme Court announced that it would not interfere with the requirement of the pledge of allegiance. It recognized a major conflict between the freedom of belief of the individual child and his parents versus the power of the state to command allegiance. But, said the court, the reconciliation of that conflict must be left to the people and their elected representatives—this could not be done for them by judges. If the responsibility for protecting the freedom of the individual

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were left to the people, said the court, the people would rise to that responsibility.

But without guidance from the Supreme Court, the people misread their responsibilities. From the standpoint of religious freedom and respect for human rights, the effect of that Supreme Court decision in the first flag-salute case was disastrous. School board after school board adopted new requirements commanding the flag salute, on pain of expulsion or other penalties. And often the school boards would quote the very words of the Supreme Court opinion in justification of their action. In many cases the salute to the flag was used simply as a device to expel the unpopular Jehovah's Witnesses. The words of the Supreme Court, that the protection of freedom could best be left the responsibility of local authorities, were perverted and used as an excuse for what was in effect religious persecution by the local school boards.

At the same time, and worse than the official action against the Jehovah's Witnesses, was the nation-wide wave of mob violence, attempts at lynching, and physical brutality against the Witnesses—all in the name of patriotism and support for the Supreme Court's opinion. Conditions were such that within three years after the first flag-salute case was decided, a second one reached the Supreme Court. In a dramatic reversal, the court ruled that no authority, state or Federal, could dictate the religious beliefs of any citizen. Schoolchildren could not be coerced into reciting pledges of allegiance when to do so would violate their freedom of religion. Specifically, the children of Jehovah's Witnesses could not be expelled from school because their religious beliefs prevented them from giving the flag salute.

The Supreme Court decision was honored by the local boards. Much of the official persecution of the Jehovah's Witnesses diminished. The new Civil Rights Section of the Department of Justice—founded by the former Attorney General, later Mr. Justice Frank Murphy—helped communicate the Supreme Court ruling to local authorities, and to the people, explaining that the freedom of belief of the Witnesses was protected by law. The rest is history. The Jehovah's Witnesses have been let alone. At least they have been allowed to practice their religion.

Thus, in the very midst of the Second World War, a court defended —indeed expanded upon—Constitutional freedoms. It did so despite the opposition of political authorities. It did so in behalf of a very small and very unpopular minority. And it did so in behalf of one of the most unpopular of freedoms—especially in wartime—the freedom *not* to salute the flag.

The Supreme Court's defense of freedom of religion did not cease with the war. The school-prayer cases of the very recent past demonstrate once again that the court is alert to even minor abridgments of fundamental freedoms. Once again the apostles of judicial restraint have been critical. But religious freedom in this country is safer today because the Supreme Court has shown the people why even a minor inroad on religious freedom cannot be tolerated.

Protection for the Poor

The courts have also been expanding the sphere of human freedom in the field of criminal law. It has often been said that "History will judge the quality of a civilization by the manner in which it enforces its criminal laws." The Supreme Court has taken the lead in ensuring that our enforcement of criminal law receives the approbation of history. In decision after decision it has sought to upgrade and civilize the manner in which our criminal laws, state and Federal, have been enforced.

The court has demonstrated a determination to diminish the part that poverty plays in the administration of criminal justice—the type of trial a man gets must not depend on whether he is rich or poor. Following this thesis, the court has recognized the right to counsel in both Federal and state criminal trials and has required the state and the national governments to supply a lawyer for the indigent person. More than this, the Supreme Court has required the state and Federal governments to provide a proper appeal for indigents by paying the costs thereof, including a transcript of the testimony taken at the trial. Thus the court has sought to remove the handicap of poverty so that the indigent, too, may receive a fair trial under our law.

Coerced confessions have also received the condemnation of the current court. Under the Anglo-Saxon system of criminal justice, as distinguished from the Continental system, a defendant has a right to remain silent, not only at the time of trial but, most importantly, after his arrest before trial. The Supreme Court has been at pains to condemn, as uncivilized and as a reproach to our system of criminal justice, not only physical pressure, but psychological pressure as well, designed to force an accused to confess.

Perhaps the keynote case on the subject of coerced confessions and third degree is *Chambers* v. *Florida*. There a young Negro was accused of committing a heinous crime that had excited a large number of the white citizens of Florida. Without access to a lawyer or even to members of his family, young Chambers was questioned by the police for days on end while a mob bent on his destruction roamed outside the jail. Under these circumstances, it was said that he confessed to the crime. After his conviction in the state courts of Florida, the Supreme Court heard the case. In reversing that conviction

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and in denouncing the conditions under which a confession was extracted from Chambers, Mr. Justice Hugo L. Black sounded what has come to be the new creed for the court:

"Under our constitutional system, courts stand against any winds that blow as havens of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are nonconforming victims of prejudice and public excitement. . . . No higher duty, no more solemn responsibility, rests upon this Court, than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield deliberately planned and inscribed for the benefit of every human being subject to our Constitution—of whatever race, creed or persuasion."

THE Supreme Court has not satisfied itself with merely outlawing confessions that are demonstrably involuntary. Taking cognizance of the fact that most confessions are obtained while the accused is alone in police custody immediately after arrest and before being transferred to judicial custody by a committing magistrate, the court has held that where there is unnecessary delay in bringing the accused before the committing magistrate, any confession made during this period of unnecessary delay shall not be received in evidence. Thus the court has sought to outlaw not only coerced confessions but also confessions obtained under circumstances presumptively coercive.

In the protection of rights under the Fourth Amendment against unreasonable searches and seizures, the Supreme Court has also been active. The midnight knock on the door, the hallmark of the totalitarian police, does not pass muster in this country. The court not only has outlawed evidence obtained from unreasonable searches and illegal arrests. By an application of the so-called fruit-of-the-poisoned-tree doctrine, it has ordered excluded from the trial of a criminal case all evidence derived from the evidence illegally obtained. "Knowledge gained by the government's own wrong cannot be used by it," says the court.

Through its decisions in criminal law, the court has given rich meaning to our ideal of equal justice under law. Persons accused of crime, as a class, have little claim to sympathy with the public or to influence with

political authorities. It would be easy, even popular, to constrict the rights of those who stand at the bar of justice. But the courts have reminded us that the rights of all citizens are safe only to the extent that the rights of each accused person are protected. The phrase "It's his Constitutional right" has entered the common language as a link between the ideals of our civilization and the recognition of the rights of the lowliest offender.

Of course, these civilizing advances in the manner of enforcing criminal justice have also been the subject of criticism. The court itself has been condemned for recognizing the rights of "criminals." What the detractors fail to recognize, of course, is that the Bill of Rights outlined in the first eight Amendments to the United States Constitution are the rights of all citizens of the United States, and until an accused is proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt after a fair trial, he also, as a citizen, is entitled to those rights.

Equal Votes

The reapportionment cases mark another important area in which the Supreme Court has affected our freedom. When we say "This is a free country," one of the things we mean is that we are a free people who govern ourselves. In order for us to govern ourselves, we require fair apportionment. If, for practical purposes, it were primarily the farmers and small-town residents who voted, and the votes of city people hardly counted at all, then to that extent we would be less a free country.

Reapportionment cases highlight the debate on the role of judges in preserving freedom. And these cases point out the importance of general acceptance, of popular support, of aid from Executive and legislature, and of reaffirmation by the national conscience. For many years, judges would not decide reapportionment cases—no matter how unfair the apportionment, no matter what laws or Constitutional provisions were violated, no matter how many people were denied an effective right to vote. Judges would not decide such cases because, as some of them saw it, a court decision about legislative apportionment could have no effect unless the legislature and the people accepted the decision. And no one could count on, or predict, whether there would be legislative or popular support. And so, though as a matter of law the courts had the power to decide apportionment cases, as a matter of judicial wisdom they generally abstained from these issues. Reapportionment was held to be a political issue that addressed itself to the people.

But the Supreme Court has now declared that such cases are proper for judicial decision. The court has now found that in many areas the political system restrained the people from acting, that there was developing in this country a condition in some respects similar to the rotten-borough system that disgraced England two centuries ago. So the court, in effect, authorized the courts in each state to hear apportionment cases as they came up and to apply to voting the principle of equal protection our Constitution ordains. Some people predicted that the court's decree would be ignored or mocked, that the legislatures and the people would resist to the end the court's efforts in this field, and that the nation's refusal to accept the challenge and rise to the respon-

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sibility given them by the courts would become a national disgrace. But the results have been quite different, and the response to the judicial spark has been broader and stronger than anyone could have predicted. In state after state, citizens' groups have stepped forward, swiftly and effectively, to demand enforcement of the Constitutional principles of equality of which the Supreme Court had reminded them. Soon local courts took up the matter of reapportionment. And in some states, even before the question came before the local courts, legislators and governors have supported reapportionment proposals of their own. Now, by and large, citizens generally—from the man in the street to newspapers and preachers—have said "at long last" to the principle that a state's apportionment must conform to the standards of equality required by our Constitution.

Making a Truism True

Of the areas in which courts, particularly the Supreme Court, have been active in promoting the freedom of us all, the one of first concern to us today is racial justice. The Supreme Court decisions in the field of racial equality have attempted to secure an actual freedom for the Negro from the bonds of discrimination and bigotry—and a freedom for the white from having to live in a society where such injustices occur. That these freedoms belong to the white and to the Negro is solid Constitutional law—nothing could be more clear than that the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution were adopted exactly for the purpose of raising the former slave to the level of first-class citizen. The court decisions of our day are but long-delayed steps forward in giving actual effect to that Constitutional law.

The question remains, Will these decisions receive the support of the people, or will they remain only words in the mouths of the judges? Will the other branches of the Federal government, the Executive and Congress—and the state and local governments—respond to the challenge of these Supreme Court decisions and make a reality today the promise of a hundred years ago?

In pleading for passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1963, the Attorney General of the United States began his remarks to the Congress with this statement:

"For generations, Americans have prided themselves on being a people with democratic ideals—a people who pay no attention to a man's race, creed, or color. This very phrase has become a truism. But it is a truism with a fundamental defect: it has not been true." Is there an honest person in this country today who will deny this statement? Are there enough people in this country today so depraved that the Supreme Court's efforts in behalf of racial justice shall be in vain?

In answering these questions, we should first take notice that the landmark 1954 school-desegregation case has received both more support and more opposition than any other case in our century. The support it has received is tremendous. Organizations sprang up to implement its philosophy, people who had been apathetic to all things public sud-

denly took a new interest in the commonwealth, a wave of idealism swept the country—especially among college youth—to see the old Constitutional principle of equal justice given effect in the problems of the day. Even foreign nations looked at us with new respect as we began to practice what for so long we had merely preached.

But the civil-rights cases also provoked opposition. Men whose positions had been entrenched upon the foundation of old injustices resisted the righting of wrongs. Unthinking men, men used to old customs and old thoughts, refused to alter their ways. And many others were fearful; being unused to change, they were not ready to accept what was for them a revolution in their lives.

And so these court decisions that have inspired such enthusiasm from many of our citizens stand in need of even further support. The voices of the judges have struck a note of conscience in the breast of America, and America has been stirred to new efforts in behalf of an old idealism. But so entrenched an evil is not so easily overcome. The rock of selfishness, the hard core of racial injustice, is not so easily dissolved. Idealism alone is not enough. There must be a recognition by all our people that we have been wrong, morally wrong, in our treatment of the Negro. There must be a day of repentance. There must be a determination to redress the injustice of the past and a firm resolve by all branches of the government, and by the people, that the long suffering of the Negro shall not have been in vain.

THUS we see that in the areas of religious freedom, criminal law, reapportionment, and racial justice the courts have indeed played a leading role in expanding human freedom in our time. And for this they, particularly the Supreme Court, have been subjected to a barrage of calumny and vilification in some parts of our country. Even some thinking men, men of good will whose roots in the fight for human freedom go very deep, deplore the leadership the current Supreme Court has given in the fight for social and political justice. They say they fear the rule of judges. I say their fears are foolish fancies. In expanding human freedom, the judges have nothing to enforce their rule but the conscience of America. And as long as we are ruled by the informed and challenged conscience of America, we have nothing to fear.

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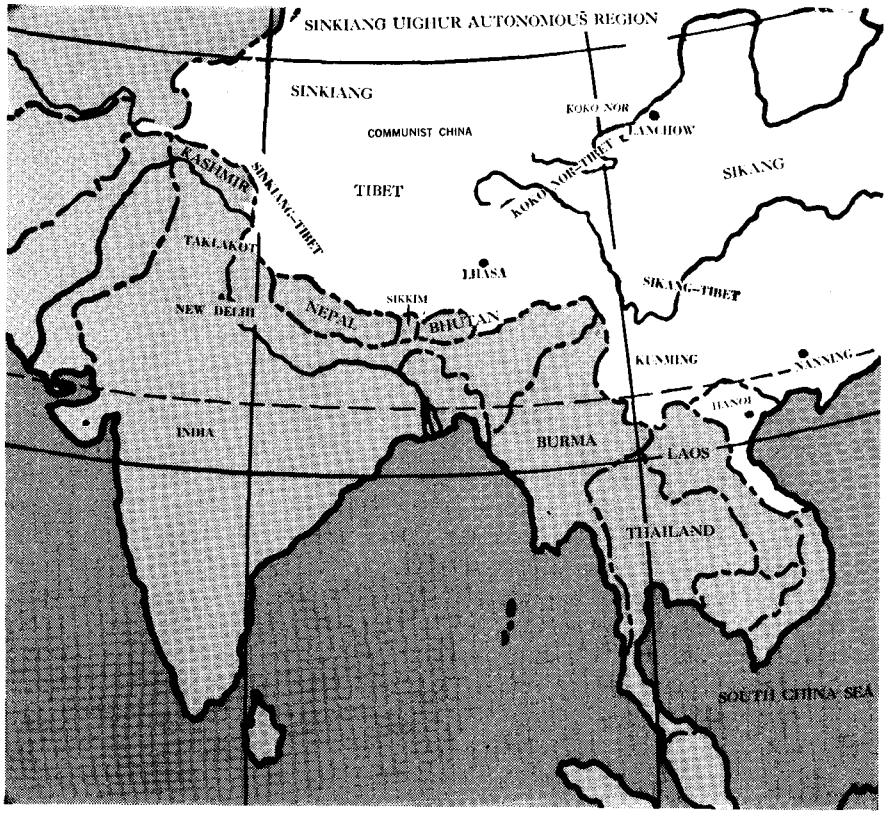

China's New Roads: Where Do They Lead?

DENIS WARNER

"THIS IS indeed our idea of a typical barrier wall, a barrier such as no man, no devilish ingenuity of invention, can assail with any hope of a successful issue," wrote an English colonial surveyor of the Himalayas in 1916. Thirty-one years later the Indians acquired this illusory article of faith along with their independence. They were sure that the great Himalayan watershed, ranging some two thousand miles from the Karakoram Pass in northwestern Kashmir to the Burmese border, blocked China's way to the south.

Straddling the borders between China and the states to the south, and forming a sort of ethnic no man's land across them, were a dozen or more tribal groups that had retreated southward for many centuries under pressure from the expansionist and more vigorous Han Chinese. "Some of the frontier areas are two hundred years behind the rest of Burma, some may be even a thousand years behind," said former Burmese Prime Minister U Nu. The same is true of all of China's southern border areas.

Today, without the application of any devilish ingenuity of invention but by simple engineering skill and the massive use of manpower, Peking has stormed the unassailable barriers. Burrowing and bridging their way south, the engineer corps of the People's Liberation Army and locally impressed armies of coolies have built roads through the Himalayas and thrust out along and beyond China's southern borders.

Last November an Indian civil servant who had fled on foot before the Chinese invasion of the North-East Frontier Agency returned by jeep two weeks later along a road that had not existed when the Chinese arrived. By official agreement with the countries concerned, there are, or have been, Chinese road builders in Nepal, Burma, Laos, and North Vietnam. The Tibetan proverb that all roads lead to Lhasa has almost come true.

Three Roads

As the Chinese Communist forces advanced into Tibet in 1950 they began work on the first of three main arteries that now link the Roof of the World with China. At an average elevation of 13,000 feet and in places above the permanent snow line, the 1,400-mile Sikang-Tibet Highway passes through fourteen mountain ranges and across a dozen rivers, including the Mekong and the Salween. Just keeping the road open is a full-time task for thousands of troops and coolies who have to cope with everything from Khamba guerrillas to earthquakes, landslides, and avalanches caused by melting snow and glaciers.

The second road runs for more than 1,300 miles southwest to Lhasa through the Tibetan Desert from the salt-lake province of Koko Nor, or Tsing-Hai. Although the land here is comparatively flat and open, the road passes through vast and dangerous swamps and quicksands. Seventy-mile-an-hour blizzards howl across the plateau wastes, bringing blinding dust and snow. But where once the journey from Sining on the Great Wall to Lhasa took three months by horseback, trucks now make it in ten days. Here in these desolate wastes engineers have finished their survey for a railroad that will run from newly industrialized Lanchow to Lhasa.

The third, and most remarkable, of all the roads is the Sinkiang-Tibet Highway. As early as 1954, while Chou En-lai was pledging the peaceful settlement of all differences with India through the five principles of *panchsheel*, Chinese surveyors had begun to comb the confusion of 17,000-foot mountain peaks, glaciers, and precipices of the Aksai Chin in northeastern Kashmir in search of a northern route to Sinkiang. In September, 1958, an Indian patrol sent out to investigate reports of suspicious activity was held prisoner at a military post built to protect Chinese truck convoys driving across territory India claimed as its own.

That the Chinese had mobilized

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their legions of workers to build a hundred miles of motorway across Indian territory without attracting attention is indicative of the remoteness, the desolation, and the lack of Indian control in the Aksai Chin. Too high and too cold for permanent settlement, and several mountain ranges removed from the Vale of Kashmir, it is used only by nomadic herdsmen for summer pasture. Yet for many reasons it remains the central point in the undeclared war between China and India. Whatever concessions the Chinese may one day feel disposed to make in the interest of better relations with India, this road, and adequate territory to protect it from Indian incursions, is unlikely to be included among them. As the *Eastern Economist* pointed out during the first moments of shock when the Indian public learned belatedly that the road had been built, "It is extremely doubtful if Indian territory covered by the new Chinese road can be recovered, since hard fighting in large numbers in that area can be employed only by the Chinese."

No less important to the Chinese—and no less dangerous in the long run to the Indians—is the fact that the road connects with the new major industrial complex in the Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region, as Sinkiang Province is now called. The Korean War taught the Chinese leaders the need to deploy new industries away from vulnerable Manchuria and the Pacific Coast. Whatever doubts they may have entertained about the durability of their relations with the Soviet Union, they were more concerned then with the need for providing maximum security against western attack. Sinkiang was the obvious choice. Today it is a major center for the production of munitions, for nuclear research, and as a base for training large military forces. A third of all the new railroad construction in the first Five-Year Plan took place here. During the first year of the "great leap forward" in 1958, Peking claimed to have built 87,000 miles of road in Sinkiang alone, or more than twice the length of all highways fit for automobile traffic in all of China in 1949.

Backed by this new and secure industrial and military base area, and with the Tibetan terrain turned to their advantage as a barrier only for the Indians, the Chinese edged forward beyond the Tibetan Plateau. Again, road building played an important part in their schemes. One new road link with the Tibet-Sinkiang Highway passes through Gartok in western Tibet and ends on the edge of the Indian border province of Uttar Pradesh. Another follows the hair-raising caravan trail from Lhasa to the salient between the borders of Sikkim and Bhutan, a route familiar to the handful of westerners who visited Tibet before the Maoist curtain cut it off in 1950. No less than seven feeder roads go south from the Gartok-Lhasa Road to the Nepal border, and all of the forty-five passes on the Tibetan side of this border have been widened and improved to take motorized traffic.

On the Nepal Flank

Long before the Chinese suggested to the Nepalese government in 1959 that a highway between Katmandu and Lhasa would result in expanded trade with Tibet and help to improve Sino-Nepali relations, the section of road between Lhasa and the border had been completed. King Mahendra, who signed the highway agreement in Peking in 1961, had fewer inhibitions about breaching his northern defenses than did his deposed prime minister, B. P. Koirala, who in negotiating the border settlement protested that Nepal's greater need was in internal communications but eventually bowed to what he called the "insistent persuasion" of both Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai.

The Chinese were delighted. Foreign Minister Chen Yi described the highway agreement, under which Peking contributed a gift of $10 million and skilled technicians to work on the Nepal sector, as "a fresh flower which blossomed out of the friendship between China and Nepal." The Indians had other words for it.

While the Indians were still protesting to King Mahendra about the strategic implications of the road, Chinese experts arrived in Katmandu to examine two possible routes to the Tibetan borders along foot tracks through passes used by traders and shepherds. Construction was held up for some time while Katmandu deliberated whether it would be better to start from the capital and work north or to build south from the Chinese sector, but the unsurfaced track is laid out for much of the distance and only about fifty miles of mountain terrain remains to be negotiated. The Chinese have also volunteered to help King Mahendra with an east-west highway across Nepal.

Geographically, the Himalayan states of Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan are downhill from Tibet and therefore came under British and then Indian influence and protection. Racially, however, and because of their religious beliefs, they tended to look north rather than south. Most of the people are Buddhists to whom Lhasa is their spiritual home.

This opportunity for Chinese subversion and anti-Indian propaganda has been offset, if only temporarily, by the continuing resistance to the Chinese in Tibet and by the Dalai Lama's flight to India. Nor is the Chinese appeal enhanced by their promises that the Bhutanese, Sikkimese, and Ladakhis will be "united in the great family of the motherland." Yet by exploiting anti-Indian sentiments in Nepal and by seeking to show how unreasonable India is compared with its other neighbors like Burma, Pakistan, and Nepal itself, all of which have settled their border problems with China, Peking has succeeeded in establishing relationships with Nepal which are close enough to be a matter of serious concern in New Delhi, where nonalignment is now understood to have many fine shades of meaning.

Because of their special relationships with India, Bhutan and Sikkim have been earmarked for "liberation" by China. Since 1960 this campaign has included border pressures and the distribution of leaflets printed in Tibet which denounce the government of India and the Bhutanese and Sikkimese leaders.

Toward Thailand and Vietnam

Further east, the Chinese road builders and proselytizers have been no less active. Party cadres rounded

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up four million men and women for work on the roads in Szechuan Province in 1958. In Yunnan and Kwangsi Provinces a new network of roads and railways has shaken the minorities out of their feudal way of life and plunged them into active participation in the Chinese revolution. According to official Communist estimates, there were only 135 miles of highway open for motor traffic in Kwangsi Province in 1949; today Peking claims that there are more than six thousand miles.

With the arrival of the Chinese Communist forces at the Indo-Chinese border in 1949 and the fall of many of the French border forts to the Vietminh in 1950, the Chinese built the "Bridge of Friendship" across the Lun River and established a supply route that proved decisive in 1954 when the Vietminh hacked their own connecting road through the jungle and surrounded the French entrenched camp at Dienbienphu with artillery and antiaircraft guns trundled across the mountains from China.

With the war won, the Chinese and North Vietnamese combined to rebuild two railroads running north and northwest from Hanoi to Nanning and from Hanoi to Kunming. "Think of every rock as an American head," said a poster exhorting the Vietnamese to greater efforts in rebuilding the line which the Chinese Nationalist forces had torn up and looted (along with all plumbing fixtures in Hanoi and Haiphong) in 1946.

One of the first of the new roads in Yunnan ran southeast from the rebuilt Burma Road through the village of Ch'e-li on the Mekong River to nearby Meng La, both of which in recent times have caused considerable dismay in Thailand. Ch'e-li was once Peking's choice as the capital of the Thai autonomous state that was meant to appeal alike to the two million Shans in Burma, a million Thai-Laos in northeastern Thailand, and a million Laos in Laos and the ten million people speaking the same language and with the same racial and cultural background in China proper.

Meng La, where the Chinese have large military formations that could be moved to their border within two days, is the point of origin in a seventy-five-mile road that the Chinese have built to Phongsaly in Laos. The Chinese provided both the money and the labor for the road, which was finished in April of this year and which in principle gives landlocked Laos a valuable trade route to the north. A Lao Presse report published in Vientiane on April 20 noted that the road had been designed to take vehicles of up to sixty tons. It also revealed that the road was merely the first of a series that will link south China, Laos, Burma, and Thailand. "Vast territories will be opened to trade, economic progress, and the interchange of ideas," the report said.

The announcement followed what was described by Peking as a request by General Phoumi Nosavan during his visit last December for the Chi-

nese to extend the Meng La Road through Phongsaly to Nam Tha, another Laotian provincial capital a hundred miles to the west and close to the Burma border. Instead of building the road on the Laotian side of the border as originally proposed, however, the Chinese have again used Meng La as their point of origin. This means that a Laotian traveling between the two northern provincial capitals of Phongsaly and Nam Tha will have to go by way of China and be subject, of course, to Chinese controls.

From Nam Tha the plans are to extend the road to the Burma border, where it will link up with another road network, including the 265-mile highway the Chinese contracted to build for the Burmese government as part of their economic aid program in the nearby and extremely backward Wa State.

As General Phoumi Nosavan's routed forces discovered last year when they sought a showdown with the Pathet Lao at Nam Tha, the track southward to the Thai border is already suitable for the rapid movement of troops; and it terminates, as the Thais have noted, close to the main north-south Thai road.

To impute sinister motives to all Chinese actions is, of course, absurd. The Communist régime took over the administration of a country that suffered from an excessive concentration of people in the eastern plains and from underpopulation and underdevelopment elsewhere, and especially in its southern border areas. The rapid expansion of rail and road communications and the creation of effective administrative machinery in this and other South China border regions were the obvious prerequisites for economic development. Anthropologically, the assimilation of millions belonging to tribal minorities may be regrettable, but it is a policy that nevertheless has much to commend it.

Even if China's intentions toward its southern neighbors were always strictly peaceable, however, no responsible government could be unmoved by the developments that have destroyed all previous regional strategic conceptions and brought the physical presence and weight of 600 million Chinese against its backyard fence. The Tibetan massif is no longer an unassailable barrier but, as the Chinese invasion of the North-East Frontier Agency so dramatically revealed, a potential springboard for aggression. Southeast Asia is no longer remote from China but in close and intimate contact with it. The road- and railway-building program is only part of the story. By patient indoctrination through the branches of the National Minorities Institute at Kunming and Nanning and hundreds of "culture" stations in the border zones, Peking is eliminating the ethnic no man's land. Some of its indoctrination would inevitably have washed across the border and spread among the kindred tribes, but the ideas will move the faster where Chinese roads pave the way.

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Bolivia's Revolution Comes of Age

J. DAVID BOWEN

La Paz

An old Spanish proverb accurately describes the predicament of President Víctor Paz Estenssoro's government: "Raise crows and they will pluck out your eyes." The Bolivian government is paying now for eleven years of giving too much power to labor unions. Labor, in turn, is paying for having given too much power to the Communists. Both were awakened to the situation this summer by a strike in the all-important tin mines that pitted the government against the very people that have kept it in power.

This is not just a local matter; for here, in one of the poorest of Latin-American countries, the United States is godfather to a social revolution that is ten years ahead of the Alliance for Progress. In April, 1952, the Nationalist Revolutionary Movement (MNR) put Bolivia on a course of land reform, resettlement, public education, tax reform, and health improvement. Foreign investment was encouraged; the right to vote was extended to all Bolivians over twenty-one, including the propertyless and illiterate; inflation was at last slowed down. U.S. aid has been an important ingredient of these reforms. The United States has put more than $200 million into Bolivia in loans and grants—more aid per capita than it has extended to any other Latin-American nation. Bolivia's ability to become solvent, however, has been hampered by the cost of running an inefficient tin industry, sixty per cent of which was nationalized by the new government in 1952. Comibol, the state-owned mining corporation, provides the bulk of Bolivia's foreign earnings, but it is in chaotic shape and lost $16 million last year. Yet no other sector of the Bolivian economy at present can possibly generate the funds that are needed for the government's ambitious programs.

To rescue Comibol, the United States, West Germany, and the Inter-American Development Bank have laid out a $38-million "Triangular Plan." Signed in 1961, it provided for administrative reorganization, new equipment, and a scientific program of exploration. But even more significantly, the plan called for an end to labor's veto over management decisions and the immediate dismissal of several thousand workers. Those who drew up the plan recognized that the success or failure of Bolivia's tin mines is basic to the future of the nation's entire economy.

Before the revolution, most miners worked for one of the three big internationally owned mining companies: Patiño, Hochschild, and Aramayo. In effect, Bolivia had no other wealth, and the personal income of Simón Patiño was greater than the national budget. The tin barons were the state. Bolivian labor organization moved into the mines in 1936, after the disastrous Chaco War with Paraguay. Few labor movements have a bloodier history. Strikes were met by armed repression. In December, 1942, at Catavi, several hundred miners were killed by government troops summoned by the mineowners. But that massacre made the miners into a real political force. Catavi was their Alamo.

A wide range of political parties contended for leadership of the Bolivian labor movement. Some were Marxist, like the Trotskyite Revolutionary Workers' Party (POR), but no official Communist Party appeared until 1952. By that time the MNR was in control.

In 1952, after their electoral victory of the previous year had been nullified, the MNR staged a revolution, and an economist with close ideological ties to Peronism, Víctor Paz Estenssoro, became president. It was the hundred and seventy-ninth revolution in Bolivia's history, but the first with any broad social goals. The miners were the shock troops who defeated the government's unenthusiastic army in the streets. Under the revolutionary régime, the army was reduced to impotency, while an autonomous militia sprang up among the miners, peasants, and other groups. The aura that had always surrounded the miners now took on mythic proportions. It was as though the New York Yankees had merged with the Marine Corps.

One of the MNR's first acts was to nationalize, with compensation, the mines of the tin barons. In the new role of management, the revolutionary government plied the employees of Comibol with an endless series of benefits. The most important was the Control Obrero, a procedure whereby labor organizations took part in management and held a veto over most decisions. Union leaders enjoyed legal immunity similar to that usually reserved in Latin America for diplomats and high government officials. Payrolls were padded. The lowliest laborer had tenure and could not be fired without receiving a prohibitively large severance payment. Wages were continued during strikes—except for illegal strikes.

In the mines, basic pay has remained low. (It is still only about $23 a month.) But to it has been added an impressive agglomeration of special rates, overtime, bonuses, and fringe benefits. How many of these a man could enjoy depended on how well he cultivated the local union bosses. Subsidized stores called *pulperías* stocked a wide variety of goods that the miners could buy at rock-bottom prices and then resell to add to their income. But except for the *pulperías,* the government's labor policies benefited the workers far less than they did the labor leaders. There were more jobs, but the individual workers were not much better off than before. The government initiated projects in health, housing, and schools, but these moved very slowly.

Top Hats Out, Tin Hats In

With hiring, firing, and, even wages based on favoritism, with the Control Obrero, unlimited strike power, and an armed militia under their personal control, the union leaders —especially on the local level—developed tremendous power. The tin barons had been replaced by the labor barons.

At the same time, the administra-

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tion of Comibol grew more vast and unwieldy. According to recent figures, there are now twenty-five thousand employees, less than two out of five working underground. A visitor to the mines can still see requests for ventilation pipe dating back to 1959; eight to sixteen months is not unusually long for the processing of requisitions involving foreign purchases.

In the decade since the mines were nationalized, the production of tin has dwindled by fifty per cent to 15,000 metric tons a year while costs have gone sky-high. With a decline in world tin prices and the depletion of the richest deposits, Comibol found itself spending $1.40 to produce a pound of tin that it could sell for about $1.10.

THE ARGUMENT behind the Triangular Plan is pretty hard to refute. Experts have demonstrated that Comibol could easily produce, without a single piece of new equipment, twice as much as it now does. There was almost no open disagreement with the plan when it was presented in 1961, and it was generally agreed that the future of Bolivia rests on its success. But the plan brought inconveniences. For both Comibol and the mine leaders it meant a loss of patronage. For the government it meant loss of support among the miners immediately affected. For Communists, many of them enrolled in the MNR and active as mine-union leaders, it meant genuine economic progress and eventually the loss of a fertile field for agitation.

Agreements were made between the miners' federation and Comibol to put reforms into effect, but by and large they remained literature. During its first year of operation, the Triangular Plan showed only modest results. Wages were paid on time; the *pulperías* were reorganized to provide just four basic staples at subsidized prices—rice, sugar, meat, and bread. The government stopped paying for time lost in illegal strikes, and ninety per cent fewer days were lost in 1962 than in the year before. In a few smaller mines, production approached the break-even point. But Comibol still teetered on the brink of ruin, and political considerations, as always, came first.

Over the years, the labor barony had become institutionalized in the Bolivian Workers Central (COB), the country's principal labor organization. Most of the COB unions are not Communist; their political affiliations are with MNR. A few are bulwarks of government strength, such as the railroad workers' union, whose chief was recently elected president of the chamber of deputies. But the Bolivian labor movement is oppositionist by habit and temperament, and the MNR labor leaders are often less than popular because of the taint of officialism. They also have suffered from an overwhelming eagerness for labor unity at any cost.

One man had it in his power to make or break the Triangular Plan. He is Vice-President Juan Lechín Oquendo, who is also secretary-general of the COB and a leader of the dissident leftist group in the MNR

that has become the government's most serious opposition. But Lechín's position was a complex one. As head of the COB, he sometimes had to press demands that, as vice-president, he had to resist. Moreover, he wants to succeed Paz as president in 1964. He could not achieve this ambition without taking a responsible position on the Triangular Plan. Neither could he achieve it without loudly defending the prerogatives of the union leaders who were his chief support. The whole government faced the same problem. Implementation of the Triangular Plan could not be delayed any longer, but it would almost surely provoke the open opposition of the COB and quite possibly the complete withdrawal of the left-wing sector from the MNR.

As far as Lechín was concerned, the dilemma was resolved late in 1962 when he was appointed ambassador to Rome. At first everyone considered this a very clever move on Lechín's part, but it has not turned out that way. In his absence, the left-wing sector has been led by an inept triumvirate. The government is pursuing Lechín with charges of complicity in Bolivia's thriving cocaine traffic. And the Communists have hatched the eggs they laid.

No Blood in the Streets

On July 1, Communist-led locals at Catavi and Siglo Veinte, where a fourth of the nationalized tin is produced, called a strike against Comibol. Unions affiliated with the left-wing sector of MNR followed along as usual. Miners clashed with peasant militia loyal to the government, and there was talk of a march of armed miners on the capital.

This time President Paz held firm to a demand that the rehabilitation program be put into effect, despite a thirteen-day shutdown of all the mines in August and an unsuccessful general strike called by the unions. The strike was declared illegal and miners lost pay. When the MNR officials of Control Obrero resigned in protest, the government abolished their function. Newsmen who had begun to check into the hotels on the broad, tree-lined El Prado, here in La Paz, checked out again when it seemed that civil war was not imminent after all.

But the real story was in the growing anguish of the leaders of the mine federation, who began to realize where the Communists had brought them. "It is easy for them to call the workers out on strike," one of them told me earnestly, "but we are the ones who are left to settle it." (Local union officials do not take part in negotiations.)

Torn between their ties to the MNR and their habit of labor solidarity, a group of mine-federation officials journeyed to Catavi, hoping to explain the government's position to the miners and to get the strike called off as a prelude to renewed talks. It must have been a bitter experience: they knew they were contributing to the government's campaign against Lechín's left-wing sector, to which most of them belonged.

The mission failed in its immediate aim but the government's policy won in the end. The strike ended on August 28. The Communists were isolated and exposed. The

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nation-wide general strike they had counted on dwindled into a sporadic series of twenty-four-hour walkouts. Whereas before there had been only non-Communists, there were now a growing number of anti-Communists. "We have no choice any more," one former official of Control Obrero admitted. "The only hope left for us is to fight them . . . even in public."

The logic of the Triangular Plan is on the government's side, as well as the promises of an over-all Ten-Year Plan that rests on its success. Moreover, the workers are getting weary of strikes, for few locals can raise more than a few cents a day per family for strike relief. Many of the miners were glad to go back to work—their Christmas bonus depends on how much tin they can produce in the coming months.

The extremists are cornered. They cannot afford to go forward without broad labor support. They cannot afford to retire, either, for if the Triangular Plan has six months to work at full steam it could leave them without an issue. In this situation, violence is their best weapon. The Bolivian Army, slowly and quietly built up during the past few years, is probably now a match for the miners' militia. "We will not kill workers," President Paz has declared. But the decision may not be his. And if workers are killed in new outbreaks at Catavi or elsewhere, there is no telling where the emotional reaction might carry Bolivia.

So far, the crisis has been mostly political, and thanks to the government's belated but generally effective firmness, there is at least hope for a political solution. Lechín's power has waned. A score of left-sector congressmen have returned to the government fold. Paz will almost surely be the MNR candidate again, and consequently president of Bolivia for another four years—long enough to see the Ten-Year Plan under the Alliance for Progress well under way. He may yet be able to lead the promised frontal attack on Bolivia's economic problems, not only in the mines but in the countryside as well, where education, credit, and technical and marketing facilities lag behind the juridical accomplishment of land reform.

Twelve years ago, news of a strike in the mines touched off panic in La Paz. The streets would empty in expectation of violent demonstrations and sabotage by the miners' militia.

Five or six years ago, a strike in the mines would surely have brought serious rumors of counter-revolution. This year, the strike was met with comparative calm. A most significant difference from the past was the support of many mine-union executives for the government's position. In part this was simple capitulation to an overwhelming offensive by the government. In part it was a response to the logic and promise of the Triangular Plan's reforms and the foreign assistance they can bring. But in large part it has been a growing reluctance to follow the Communists into a position of blind obstructionism. After eleven years of the revolution, Bolivians are beginning to realize that they now have something to be for as well as something to be against.

Khrushchev Mends Some Fences

CHARLES WASSERMANN

PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV stood before a brace of microphones in the city square. An impassioned plea for peaceful coexistence was followed by a warning that an atomic war would cause terrible destruction and that any nation interfering in the internal affairs of another would automatically set off such a holocaust. "Let us remember," he declared, "we are first and foremost Communists and only then Germans or Poles or Russians."

It was July 3, 1963. Khrushchev, having visited East Berlin just after President Kennedy's visit to the other side of the Wall, had stopped off in the East German city of Frankfurt-on-Oder. There, from the steps of the city hall and a mere stone's throw from the still unsettled Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland, western reporters heard the Russian leader's first unmistakable public reference to the Sino-Soviet ideological split.

Khrushchev was on his way home, where a few days later the fruitless debates between Russian and Chinese ideologists and the atomic test-ban negotiations were to commence. In East Berlin he had indicated his willingness to sign a limited test-ban accord and a nonaggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw powers. Now it was time to clear the decks for the ideological skirmishes that lay ahead.

The seventieth-birthday celebrations for East German party chief Walter Ulbricht had been used as an occasion to lay the groundwork for future political maneuvers. All the leaders of the European satellite nations, with the notable exception of Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej of Romania, had been in East Berlin and, as their subsequent declarations showed, had endorsed the course charted by Khrushchev. Further consultations and policy decisions w to follow.

THE NEW LOOK in the Communist world was manifested in different ways in different countries, but throughout the Eastern satellites there was a prompt closing of ranks coupled with a new flurry of "peaceful" gestures toward the West.

At the open-air meeting in Frankfurt-on-Oder, Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz of Poland praised Khrushchev's East Berlin suggestions and revived a proposal made six years earlier by his foreign minister, Adam Rapacki. The Rapacki Plan, which would create a zone in Central Europe free of atomic weapons, was, he stated, vital for lasting peace.

The Rapacki Plan had rarely been mentioned by Soviet propagandists in the previous two years. The West had turned it down because it would mean the virtual removal of U.S. atomic weapons from continental Europe, while permitting the Soviets to regroup their atomic arsenal only a few hundred miles east of its pres-

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ent location. The Communist bloc had hoped for more success by pressing for nuclear-free areas, notably in Africa, the Mediterranean, and the Balkans. But now the time had come to place the old idea side by side with new proposals. It was not only a matter of presenting the West with numerous items for negotiations but also one of doing everything possible to unite the Soviet camp.

Poland, long a problem for the Kremlin, is most receptive to a Rapacki Plan. In no European country are the memories of recent and earlier wars so vivid. Any plan that might reduce the dangers of war finds ready support among Poles of all political opinions, and the Rapacki Plan has been mentioned as often from the pulpits of Poland's Roman Catholic churches as at meetings sponsored by Wladyslaw Gomulka's United Polish Workers Party.

A Stitch in Time

For the remaining members of the Soviet camp, it was necessary to devise other political steps in order to keep the bloc united and preserve its monolithic structure.

Romania, chafing under the yoke of rules imposed by the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance, COMECON, and seething with ill-disguised nationalism, has been unwilling to accept its assigned role as a supplier of foodstuffs for the other member states. Following Gheorghiu-Dej's absence from the Berlin summit meeting and the publication of the first official Chinese attack on Khrushchev's policies in the Romanian party organ *Scinteia,* COMECON found a way of permitting Romania to build a large new steel mill and approved the further development of Romanian natural resources. It was not long before Romania endorsed the policy of peaceful coexistence and the atomic test-ban treaty.

In Czechoslovakia a crippling economic crisis and continuing racial strife between Czechs and Slovaks had led to unrest and dissatisfaction. Moreover, President Antonin Novotny's unreconstructed Stalinism, his reliance on an inefficient and unpopular bureaucracy and on a centralized government in Prague that ignored the nationalistic feelings of the Slovaks, had combined to spread an atmosphere of pessimistic resignation throughout the country. Suddenly a ray of hope appeared. In mid-August the Czech supreme court ruled that Rudolf Slansky, the onetime general secretary of the Czech Communist Party who had been condemned to death as a traitor and hanged with ten associates in 1952, had been the victim of a miscarriage of justice. Slansky had Titoist tendencies, then an unpardonable crime in Czechoslovakia. Many Czechs saw the supreme court's action as the first sign of the long-awaited de-Stalinization promised by Khrushchev since 1956. Now, it seemed to them, the Russian leader had at long last kept his word —a good reason for renewed belief in the Soviet Union's leadership.

The Hungarian government's dissatisfaction with its position as an outcast at the United Nations, dating back to the Hungarian revolution of 1956, was well known in diplomatic circles throughout Eastern Europe. Now, following negotiations between the Vatican and Hungarian authorities for the release of Cardinal Mindszenty from his refuge in the U.S. legation building in Budapest, American objections to the seating of the Hungarian delegation at the U.N. General Assembly were dropped. Premier Janos Kadar's subsequent visit to Moscow was timed to coincide with the atomic test-ban negotiations and enabled him to discuss future U.S.-Hungarian relations with Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman. A normalization of these relations may not have been agreed upon, but the first step in this direction was taken.

FOR ALL the nations of Eastern Europe, trade with the West is essential. Currently, the volume of business between Eastern and Western Europe has an annual value totaling $5.5 billion. But an increase is needed, particularly in the bloc's exchange of goods with the United States. It was not a sudden interest in our Independence Day that caused the Bulgarian government to invite U.S. Minister Eugenie Anderson to deliver a July 4 address over the state radio and television stations, but rather part of a well-planned program of friendly gestures toward the United States. The next step was the enthusiastic reception given Secretary of Agriculture Orville A. Freeman when he came to Bulgaria following equally chummy rounds of handshaking in Romania and Poland.

Not since the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in February, 1956, have there been so many consultations among leaders of the Soviet bloc. Throughout the spring the party chiefs of Eastern Europe journeyed to Moscow and came away declaring their solidarity with the policies of the Kremlin. Meetings of COMECON and its numerous committees and divisions were used for the same purpose. Then came the birthday celebrations for Ulbricht and Kadar's visit to Moscow. Following the signing of the atomic test-ban agreement when Khrushchev entertained Secretary Rusk at Gagra on the Black Sea coast, four Soviet-bloc leaders were spending "holidays" at other Caucasian resorts. After Rusk had left, Ulbricht, Novotny, Gomulka, and Cyrankiewicz met with the Soviet leader. On August 14, Premier and First Party Secretary Todor Zhivkov of Bulgaria arrived in the Soviet capital at the head of a government delegation, and less than a week later Khrushchev continued the round of "holidays" by visiting Marshal Tito.

In this period of changing policies in the East, a vital question presents itself: has the atomic test-ban treaty initiated a period of détente in which Eastern Europe can pick up its historic contacts with the rest of the Continent and hence with the West? The answer, it would seem, is to be found in Soviet policy and not in Eastern Europe. Everywhere, from East Berlin to Bucharest, the western visitor is made to feel that the Iron Curtain is hated less for political reasons than because it separates European from European and has severed cultural and economic ties far older than the theories of Marx and Lenin. But there is a stunning lack of interest in politics among the people of Eastern Europe. "That's something for the functionaries," one hears repeatedly; "it is better to keep your nose clean."

The functionaries, during fifteen years of Soviet military presence.

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have spared no effort to weave Soviet influence into the fabric of daily life. And all the strands lead to Moscow. An experience I had in southern Poland may serve as an illustration.

The Soviet Umbilicus

Accompanied by a Polish government official, I was taken on a tour of Upper Silesian open-face coal mines. On the edge of one huge black pit, the official pointed out two machines that were scooping up coal-rich rock and loading it onto waiting railway cars. One machine was as big as a four-room bungalow. Its noisy motor filled the pit with Diesel fumes. A sweating operator, stripped to the waist, sat struggling at the creaking controls. The other machine was no bigger than a two-ton truck. The engine was quieter and the man who operated it appeared to be doing so with ease.

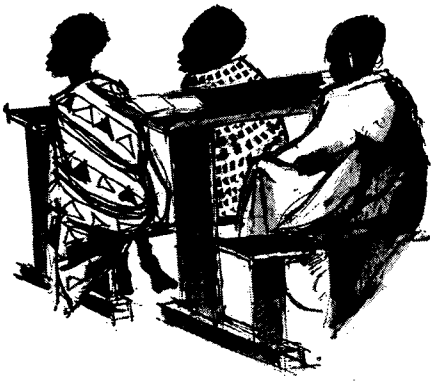
"The big machine comes from the Soviet Union," the official told me. "The small one is American. The Russian model uses twice as much fuel as the other one and loads thirty per cent less coal. Everyone wants to work the American machine, while we have a devil of a time manning the big one. It breaks down constantly and at the end of the day the operator is more dead than alive."

I asked if there was any hope of getting more American equipment. The official smiled. "You know what a dollar is?" I nodded. "We don't," he added.

The ties that bind Eastern Europe to the Soviet Union are so many that a western visitor is forever discovering new ones. They range from the Warsaw Pact and COMECON to a seven-nation hydroelectric system, and the Eastern European television network. Soviet teachers, technicians, businessmen, and tourists are everywhere. Russian-style ready-made clothes and Russian-type uniforms and even the massive lines of Moscow's apartment blocks belong to the street scene of every city east of the Iron Curtain. More than a new diplomatic tack will be required to change this pattern.

After all, as Chairman Khrushchev put it, "we are first and foremost Communists and only then Germans or Poles or Russians."

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Piper's Village

An American Visitor in Ghana's Rain Forest

AKOSUA

WOULD YOU believe it? I have visited the Piper's village, and there were all the children, dozens of them, healthy and gay. The village is tiny—a few houses, but most of them large and filled with children. There were also a few old ladies and four or five teachers and, yes, there was an old man, who asked me to buy him a pair of shoes. An ice-cold stream tumbles down the steep side of the valley and the giant trees of the rain forest wall it about, hiding it, I think, from the great world outside which, except for me and now you, has no idea of its existence.

Though I had traveled widely during the previous two years over areas from which some of my own ancestors may have gone to America, I had yet much to learn about the way people of West Africa live. "Go to my village for a rest," said a sympathetic friend, a businessman in the big humid city of Accra, listening to my wheezing lungs. "Our house is large, and here is the key to my room. My mother is there, and my children. The air is cool and clear. Get off the train at Nkawkaw. From there hire a taxi—it won't cost much, for it will take many people in one load."

The other taxi passengers and their bundles all squeezed out at Obo, leaving the driver and me to exhale with relief. The faintest breeze wreathed out of the forest from time to time, curling and cooling about us.

"Driver, is it far now?"

"No, Madam, it is not far."

The road tunneled through the forest. We passed the Middle School and the Primary School, with their gardens and undulating grounds, and then began the houses, two- and three-story, European-style, with ornate exterior décor and little balconies, the famous Kwahu houses, of which jealous neighbors say that they are usually empty or only partially occupied because the Kwahu traders, having obtained their fortunes through doubtful means, are prevented by the spirits from fully enjoying the fruits of their wealth. We stopped at a large house enclosed by high cement walls. A tiny, bent old lady, barefoot, with one big toe heavily bandaged, limped out to meet us, and behind her timidly trailed several small children. She bowed low before me.

The driver translated, exchanging our salutations. Yes, this was the mother, and she was expecting me. She had stubbed her toe just a few days before, and infection had set in; that was why she limped. "I am so sorry," the driver translated into Twi. "It is nothing," came back the reply through his English.

"Madam, I am going," said the

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driver, glancing at his watch and the lengthening shadows.

"Driver! Please! Don't forget to come back for me at the end of the week."

"Yes, Madam, I will come." And he rattled off toward Obo, raising a thin cloud of dust.

I handed the key to the old lady and followed her through the gate, across the neat compound, past several low stools and a tiny charcoal stove with its bubbling pot, into a small vestibule from which rose a flight of stairs. I tried to prevent her from hobbling painfully up the steps but she chuckled and led on. Behind us trailed the shadowy, silent children, dark limpid eyes round with wonder and just a touch of fear. I remembered the times when the people of this country had called me *"Oburoni,"* which in the Twi language means both "European" and "white."

THE ROOM was large and high-ceilinged, the bed was covered with an animal skin, and there was a desk stacked with my city neighbor's books and papers. By the time I had unpacked my worn travel bag, a knock at the door admitted a young girl in school uniform, smiling shyly and holding a tray with a glass and a soft drink on it. With a curtsy, she presented the gift. "Good-after-noon, Ma-dam. Teacher has sent this. He will come to see you la-ter." The girl backed out of the room.

Outside, a multitude of shouts, calls, and gay chatter surged upon the stillness of the waning day. From my balcony I saw a spring torrent of children, boys and girls, large and small, streaming from the two schools, skipping and leaping, prancing and dancing, converging and dividing. Impossible that so many children belonged to so few houses! They were a sudden deluge, and, in the manner of such a phenomenon, they were soon dispelled, one moment swelling down the main course, the next tranquilly trickling, a spent force, in all directions, absorbed into houses and bypaths. Surely I had stumbled upon the Pied Piper's village!

Later, the teacher did come to see me. He lived in the old lady's house too, on the ground floor, and taught in the Primary School. A second bottle of soft drink sent in greeting by the Headmaster was on the table, and I asked that he thank him for me and also accept my thanks for his own earlier gift.

"It is nothing," he said. "It is our custom. But come. The old lady has prepared your supper." And he pointed to the hall's corner table. On it were a clay water cooler, a glass, a plate, a bowl of food, and a lamp, for dusk had then fallen. He left, and I sat down to eat, not quite comfortable at having caused so much trouble to a hostess much older and less hardy than I had anticipated.

MORNING? I cannot remember the night. Have no recollection of slumping wearily through the tedious hours, trying to remain upright against my bolster to ease the effort my asthma made of breathing in and breathing out. The ceiling was unfamiliar, and what was that whispering sound? Giggles? Here in my room? But I live alone. When I turned my head, a semicircle of shyly curious faces smiled at me, the Gulliveress on their Lilliputian beach. I turned and raised myself on my elbow, stirring a ripple of delighted laughter. Look! The strange creature has arms and legs—and I laughed too, for what else could I do exposed as I was without my eyebrows?

It was a lovely day. The sun was hot where it should have been hot, the shade was cool where it should have been cool. The old lady sat in the compound, talking with a friend and examining her toe. Around her, wary little faces looked up.

"Auntie, *makye*—good morning!"

I sat beside the old ladies, and we talked a while in the non-language we had to make do with. Yes, I had slept well. Yes, thank you, I had had plenty to eat, but really she needn't bother with food for me; I would buy a few canned goods for my small appetite. She did not understand.

Later I wandered toward the schools, passing several women traveling from shade to shade with their various burdens on their heads. The indolent old man, whom I had not noticed, tilted back as he was in a chair against a wall, called out, asking me to send him a pair of shoes when I returned to the city. The money?

"Money!" he cackled, as the passers-by stopped to listen. *"Oburoni,* you are rich!" Ah, yes. I had forgotten.

WHEN I went to join the family that night, the teacher was sitting at his table-desk by the stairwell, working by lamplight, taking, he said, a correspondence course that would prepare him for entry into the University.

Very good! But cut off as he was from libraries and the academic world, he surely must find it very difficult.

"I have no choice," he replied. "I shall never be promoted or earn more money until I have a degree. But never mind." Had I been resting well? How did I like the village and its people? And the food? Yes, I liked the food, but its preparation seemed added work for the frail old lady.

Oh, no, no! That was nothing for the old lady. Actually she was on a sort of holiday, for her sore toe prevented her going to work on her cocoa farms as she usually did.

"What? Work on a cocoa farm? That old lady?" The teacher, a young and boyish-looking man, almost shrieked with laughter. His prolonged merriment drew the old lady and the children, who began to sprout from doorways and dark corners until the vestibule was crowded with softly gleaming eyes and teeth. How many children *were* there in this house?

Between gasps of laughter the teacher told the old lady what I had said, and included, for effect, an imitation of my expression, which on his face provoked laughter even from me. The old lady was almost as overcome as he, and they laughed long and joyously.

"Our women are accustomed to hard work," said the teacher matter-of-factly when he had composed himself. "One of the old lady's farms is in the forest and the other is on the side of that hill. She takes care of both farms herself and carries out the ripe cocoa on her head."

On her head? Down that steep hill? Crouching there on a low stool in the semi-darkness around the kerosene lamp, she looked even more

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shrunken and fragile than in the light of day.

"How does she manage?"

"She is accustomed to it," he said with obvious patience. "Have you ever seen a cocoa farm? No? You would like to visit one? Good! Tomorrow after school I will take you to see her farm in the forest." And he told her of his intentions, at which she smiled and nodded in apparent pleasure.

The children had settled, perched on the stairs, squatting on mats on the floor. I began to count. Fifteen pairs of eyes! Not wishing to invite another outburst of laughter, I remarked as casually as possible that my neighbor in the city had not given me to understand that he had so many children.

"Oh," the teacher laughed, "but only four are his. The Kwahu people are great traders and have much money, but they stay in the big towns to earn it. A husband and wife will even separate to follow good trading possibilities. So they leave the children in their villages with their mothers. That is why you do not see any young people here, only a few old women."

"But how do these poor old women *manage?*" I asked, thinking of all the care an American child required.

"It is not difficult," he said, again with patience. "Our children can take care of themselves very well. The older ones do chores, wash and iron their own clothes, and help with the little ones. And what else is there to be done?"

I could think of a great many other things to be done, but perhaps his words were true for here. I had seen the short-haired little boys and girls in both city and village combing and scrubbing themselves twice daily, shaking and rolling up their straw sleeping mats in the morning, rubbing out and ironing their simple school uniforms, helping to prepare food and carefully washing up afterwards.

THE OLD LADY murmured diffidently. She wished to know how I had met her son, if I lived near him, and what was he doing, etc. I replied to all her questions, and then I asked the teacher if she knew that I came from America. No, she did not. "Does she have any idea where America is?" I asked again. He turned to ask her. A smile broke on her face at his question and her head gave a deep and assured nod. "She says it is in England!" It was my turn to smile. "But," he made haste to add, "you must realize that England is all that we have known of the non-African world, and illiterates especially think of all the world across the water as being England."

I wanted to reach the old woman, to bring into our relationship something more than the politeness of strangers whose lives would touch briefly and then dissolve into hazy memories, for I had been moved by what I had learned of her life of patient toil and her uncomplaining acceptance of her many responsibilities. I thought awhile and then I framed another question. "Ask her," I said slowly and carefully, "if she has heard any stories of the slave trade and of all the people who were taken away to be sold across the water."

No, no, she had never heard of such a thing.

"Tell her about it," I urged him. "Tell her that some of my ancestors came from Africa. It may be that she and I are related from long ago."

When he had finished, she rose in silence. Lifting the lamp, she solemnly approached and turned the light to shine full upon my face. Carefully she scrutinized all my features, taking note of my pale eyes, looking long at the roots of my hair, examining the *café au lait* coloring of my skin. Then she returned the lamp and sat down again, asking a question.

"She wants to know what happened to you to cause your color to change so."

I could not have been more confounded. What kind of a reply could I make to this? I finally gave up and replied weakly, "But there are many people in this country of mixed ancestry. Hasn't she ever seen any of them?"

"No," he said, "they are mainly on the coast. Here in the interior, in the hills, there were always few, few Europeans. And she has not traveled far, you see." After a thoughtful silence, he spoke to her again for a half minute or so; she nodded briefly and said nothing further.

"WE MUST NOT waste any time," said the teacher as I came down the stairs the next afternoon. "Soon the sun will go down and we want to be back by then." Yes, indeed, we did! Briskly we set out, passing noisily cascading water, and slipping away from our shadows, we entered the cool and lofty canopy of the forest. My glance moved upward to the thick and distant lace of limbs and branches bound and stitched together by high-flying vine and creeper. I had to trot to keep within the teacher's sight in the dim, descending aisle of the path. As we went further down the slope, the trees were thicker. The rottenness of decaying vegetation coating the slick moist stones made my every step almost a skiing glide, but ahead of me the teacher stepped so lightly and so quickly that he seemed fairly to dance down the treacherous trail. My loafers slipped up and down on my sockless feet, diligently gnawing away at my damp heels, while the increasing humidity raised a sticky film upon my skin, bringing on insects which, no doubt, hailed the fresh and salty feast. Alas! It had just come back to me that the African "not far" frequently meant a mile or more! Too late.

There were people ahead! The teacher was poised lightly at a bend in the path speaking with two wayfarers. A tall, thin couple neither young nor old, both unsmiling and shabbily dressed: the woman balanced a bundle on her head, the man wore a ragged hat. I nodded and passed, close behind the teacher now, and they continued upward, digging into the uncertain ground with rustic walking sticks.

"Those people come from a village down there," the teacher explained, indicating the valley below. "It isn't far now," he continued over his shoulder in an encouraging and kindly tone. Now proceeding more slowly, he described the town from which the two had come, commenting on the cocoa-farm laborers who passed the greater part of their days in the forest—for cocoa trees, he said, could survive only in the shade of other trees. All this to distract my mind from my discomfort.

Quite suddenly, at a sharp turn in the trail, we surprised to our left a tiny low settlement, hacked out of

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the mesh of the forest and resembling, in the twilight scene fixed therein, some exotic window display. Three small mud huts overhung with shaggy thatched roofs, a minute fire with a cookpot and a wisp of smoke suspended in the air. Two women, as near fully nude as I had ever seen in Africa, one standing upright and attentively facing the trail, the other half-stooped, face turned to us, congealed in the act of placing something in the pot. An adolescent girl, clad only in hip beads and an *etam* cloth, emerging from a doorway behind the stooping one. And a little naked child, who alone suggested life and movement to the scene, for he took one look at me and simply disappeared like the rabbit of a magician. I saw no movement, nor heard I any sound; I merely blinked my eyes better to take in this fanciful sight, and when I opened them, the child was gone.

Not trusting my vision in the faulty light and being very tired as well, I concluded that I had not, after all, seen a child. But when we were out of their hearing, the teacher remarked with a little laugh that the child had probably never seen a "European" before and my color had frightened him. So I *had* seen a child. But he had disappeared! Where did he go? What primordial powers of occultation had he called upon?

I WAS STARTLED to hear the teacher's voice announcing that we had arrived. I looked around. Why, it was much lighter here! The cushion of autumn-colored leaves and discarded yellow pods upon the ground and the burnished hues of the cocoa trees gave the place an aura of brightness. I examined the tough, split pods from which the cocoa beans had been extracted. When fitted together, they resembled in size and shape a well-developed acorn squash. On the slim trees, the pods clung directly to the trunk and major branches, requiring, I had been told, skill and delicacy in removing them with the long-handled hooked knives without gashing the trees themselves. And the old lady did all this? And after traveling such a perilous way to do it, then carried out the crop on her head?

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" came the teacher's voice. He stood with me for a moment contemplating the farm—although I suspected that theretofore he had never given a thought to the marvel of the old lady's accomplishments—and then

we started back. We plodded upwards, the teacher advancing almost backwards to coax and encourage me, feet blistered, breath hardly more than a gasp. I barely glanced at the show-window settlement as we repassed it. Upward, onward, foot by foot, yard by yard. Even the invincible teacher showed signs of flagging.

When ages had gone by we glimpsed through the darksome vaulted tunnel of the path a glimmering of light. At last! The house, hot water, and rest, rest. *"Ayekoo!"* sang out the old lady from her stool near the coalpot. She and the children were camped around the little stove having their evening meal.

"Yaayee," acknowledged the teacher, expelling a long breath of fatigue. All I could manage was a faint twitch of my mouth muscles, which I hoped appeared on my face as a smile. A child hastened to place a stool under me.

ONE evening the Middle School headmaster made his dignified and courteous call, explaining and apologizing for the delay in personally welcoming me to the village and inquiring after the welfare of my family, friends, and myself.

"I have come to make a request of you." Yes? "I would like you to come on Friday to the school and tell us about America."

Disconcerted, I replied after a long moment, "But I'm going on Friday."

"So soon? Can't you stay longer?"

"No. I'm sorry but I can't. And anyway I've asked a taxi driver to come for me at ten-thirty. If I don't go when he comes, I shall have to pay him anyway."

"Oh, I see." And he stared thoughtfully at the floor before speaking again. "You, perhaps, do not understand how much it means to us to have you here. It is a great honor to the village." He looked at me, disappointed and, I felt in an uncomfortable way, reproving me for the discourtesy implied in refusing his invitation. "There would be time in the morning before you left—if you would reconsider."

"Well, I will come. But I'm not a public speaker, you know."

"That does not matter!" he hastened to assure me. "We shall be glad to hear anything about America." He departed, leaving me to worry into the night over how to convey the reality of a country so complex and so foreign to these village children, many of whom had never passed beyond the threshold of this sequestered valley.

FRIDAY dawned. Farewells were said early, and the old lady, small ones clinging to her skirt, ushered me through the compound gates with repeated smiles and bows. I climbed the curving path to be met on the veranda of the school by the headmaster and his three teachers, who led me to the assembled students.

The room overflowed with khaki shorts and sleeveless beige dresses. A leader stepped forward, straight and resolved in the presence of his teachers.

"Good morning, Madam. We know you are far from your home, so we wish to welcome you to our school with a song of your country." And, unaccompanied, the low weary cry of a spiritual floated out upon the hush of the day. When it was over, I found I *could* speak to them. I told them that the song was one of Africa's many contributions to American culture—and now Africa had borrowed it back! That Africans had helped to build my faraway country, and that America *was* America today because of the union, however unwilling, of Europeans and Africans to create it.

We had a question period, with

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the teachers leading off to encourage their pupils to speak. We used a large wall map of the United States, wandering all over the country to place the facts of history and geography.

And then, too soon, came the honk of a horn, my taxi, the first vehicle in the village since it had last been there.

Thank you! Thank you for coming! Come back again!

I will! I will! Oh, I will! Goodby!

The headmaster and the teachers followed me out to the car, tucking me in with their kind words and courteous remarks and admonishing the driver to carry me quickly and safely to the station.

The driver, as they do in those parts, coasted down the hill in neutral and stopped at the junction with the road to shift into gear. I blinked, and my last glimpse of the village was a haze of green, blue, and white, the colors of the forest, sky, and houses.

THE YEARS are passing and something or other has always intervened to prevent my returning to the village, but I often think of its people, wondering how they are faring and if all their dreams have been realized.

Did the Primary School teacher finally reach the University and win his degree? Is he, perhaps, tied with tight red tape behind a desk in some dusty ministry? And the headmaster, who hopefully told me of his expectation of being moved to a better post—has he scaled the heights he hoped to reach? And the old lady, who, if she is still there, undoubtedly has great-grandchildren now, does she still work her cocoa farms?

But it pleases me most to think of the disappearing sprite of the cocoa village, by now drawn forth to school by the compelling arm of the law. Does he still have his magic? When he is called upon for a lesson which he knows he has not prepared, can't you just *see* his teacher, riveted to the spot, scalp contracted and teeth grown cold in her head, unable to wrench her electrified gaze from an empty suit of clothes and a pencil moving across a sheet of paper at a desk with nobody there? I can.

How to Make Lawyers Wish You'd Go Away

ROBERT BINGHAM

AS A TALESMAN of many years' standing, I was naturally dismayed to read that Dr. Emanuel Demby, identified by the New York *Times* as a senior research consultant at the College of Business Administration of Fairleigh Dickinson University in Rutherford, New Jersey, and—even more worthy of note—president of an organization called Motivational Programmers, Inc., has recently presented a group of lawyers assembled under the aegis of the National Association of Claimants Counsels with the conclusions to be derived from a study he has directed concerning "conscious and unconscious prejudices in the jury situation." This is bad news indeed. And if lawyers are going to resort to motivational research to pick a jury the way you'd pick a label for a jar of peanut butter, I feel I must try to redress the balance by sharing with those who may be about to get their first case as veniremen some of the lore I have acquired as a veteran in the age-old conflict between lawyers and people.

Rest assured, we are by no means helpless. As even those who have never been in the box surely know, the attorneys for both sides are granted a certain number of peremptory challenges that entitle them to excuse any juror who doesn't happen to strike their fancy. Dr. Demby offers the lawyers elaborate precautions about what to watch for in terms of race, creed, income, age, and even sex. I'm sure all this will provide a great deal of innocent amusement to men who spend their days expostulating about who can play the mandamus better than the other fellow or who's got the biggest tort-feasor. But I should like to point out that, given even minimal aptitude, it is not the attorney who blackballs the juror but the juror who blackballs the attorney.

Moreover, a genuine courtroom artist never finds it necessary to perjure himself while being questioned about affiliations that might influence his judgment; the very best work of the masters is entirely a matter of tone and emphasis, facial expressions, and doubtful little hesitations. For example, a Forest Hills housewife of my acquaintance with whom it has always been a pleasure to be impaneled was once excused from a particularly oppressive contested-will case, in which the lawyers were obviously intending to spend several months slicing up a rather wormy bowl of usufructs, by the simple expedient of staring fixedly and incredulously at the defense attorney's necktie. One of the all-time greats in this field is a retired subway motorman of Celtic extraction who employs a strategy of graduated deterrence, the ultimate weapon being his famous question, delivered in a tone of utter revulsion, "Dew inny iv the shtolen guids hoppen to inclewd *liquor?*" It is particularly effective in accident and breach-of-contract actions in which there has been no allegation of any theft whatsoever.

This skill, comparable to that of a batter who always manages to get himself hit by a pitched ball, takes many forms, and each craftsman must, of course, perfect his own techniques. But many beginners have been kind enough to express their gratitude to me for letting them in on a simple little rule which sums up my own basic philosophy on this vital question and which is not apt to be outmoded by any of Dr. Demby's so-called scientific discoveries. It is this: If the prospect of sitting on a particular case appalls you, strive to give an impression of alert intelligence. That is to say, make it clear that you are listening attentively to everything that is said and show by your answers to all questions that you fully understand what you have heard. Such a demeanor invariably alarms one or both of the attorneys, and sometimes even upsets the judge.

After you've been invited to step down, the bailiff will usually excuse you until the following morning at a reasonable hour or, with luck, for the rest of the judicial term. All that remains then is to call the office and say you're on a complicated tax case that may last for weeks.

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BOOKS

Dr. Conant's Bombshell

FRED M. HECHINGER

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, by James B. Conant. *McGraw-Hill. $5.*
THE MISEDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, by James D. Koerner. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

Earlier this year, a brief shudder went through the American teacher-training profession. James D. Koerner, an acid critic of the public education scene, had published his long-threatened book, *The Miseducation of American Teachers.*

Even though the reaction was angry, it died down quickly. Mr. Koerner was, after all, a leading spokesman for the Council for Basic Education, a group known to represent the "Rickover view" of education. Professional educationists, therefore, could hardly be expected to consider his observations to be "objective research"—the *sine qua non* of professional respectability. True, Mr. Koerner had himself been a college teacher, both at a Midwestern state university and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. True, too, Dr. Sterling M. McMurrin, a former United States Commissioner of Education, said in an introduction that the book "has struck at the nerve center of [American] education." But these factors were not sufficient to overcome the profession's reluctance to take the Koerner critique seriously. Moreover, nobody need ever know! A favorite defensive technique of academia is to defeat unwelcome criticism through the silent treatment. Unless by some fluke of publicity—as in the *Why Johnny Can't Read* furore of some years back—a criticism breaks out of the professional quarantine and catches fire in public debate, the attitude is usually "The less said, the better." The professional tendency is to put an end to potential controversy by keeping it out of the public's earshot with something like the parental warning "Not in front of the children."

Another factor may well have persuaded the educators that silence was the better part of valor. They knew that another and inevitably more important book on the same subject was to be published within a few months—Dr. James B. Conant's *The Education of American Teachers.* Why not wait?

BY CONTRAST with Mr. Koerner, Dr. Conant conjured up statesmanship and moderation. A noted scientist, the highly respected former president of Harvard University, and a successful diplomat, he had spurned retirement to accept the challenge—underwritten by the Carnegie Corporation—of attempting a one-man appraisal of American public education. His initial effort in 1959, *The American High School Today,* had been so unprecedented a triumph in grass-roots reform that the Conant approach came to be regarded as a formula for the relatively painless improvement of scholastic quality.

It *was* painless (and this must be kept in mind in an attempt to assess the profession's optimistic anticipation of the teacher-training study) because it was contemptuous of radical change. Dr. Conant was convinced, and subsequent experience may well have shown him correct, that the high school could be revived without changing the system. He scornfully denounced all proposals to scrap the comprehensive and universal American approach in favor of European selectivity, and thus came into conflict with Mr. Koerner's Council for Basic Education. Instead, he gave American communities and their school boards a check list, designed to toughen the high schools' intellectual muscle.

It worked. Dr. Conant subsequently turned to the junior high school scene and more recently to the problems created by the extreme differences between the schools of slums and suburbs.

This last study, which took Dr. Conant deep into the areas of Northern *de facto* segregation, made serious inroads on Dr. Conant's patience and reduced his hope for satisfactory reforms without some changes in the status quo. Yet, the teacher-training experts probably expected another demonstration of the first-aid specialist's kindly and conciliatory bedside manner. In their hope that Conant would cancel out Koerner, they may have given some weight to the very titles of the two books—the apparent bias in *The Miseducation of American Teachers* versus the detached sound of *The Education of American Teachers.*

As things have turned out, the experts might have been better off settling for Koerner. Of course, his extensive documentation of shoddy teaching in the nation's teacher-training institutions and his examples of abominably low-quality textbooks were devastating. In a not atypical class on the history and philosophy of education, for instance, he found the students "singularly uninterested in the proceedings" while the instructor "reads from his cards." In a class on elementary education, a professor of education was heard to say: "Many six-year-olds are not ready to read, and great damage is done by making them. You must wait until the child himself feels a need to learn." In a class on the psychology of learning, a Ph.D. in educational psychology categorically insisted that "research proves that *any* subject can be tested better by machine-scored methods than by essay."

Examples of approved and accepted doctoral dissertations are not less devastating. "Recruitment, Selection and Training of Custodians in Selected Public School Systems" vied with "The Relationship Between Personality Traits and Basic Skill in Typewriting" and "A Study of Factors Influencing Selection and Satisfaction in Use of Major Household Appliances as Indicated by Three Selected Groups of Married Women Graduates of the Ohio State University."

But after a description of the depressing scene, Mr. Koerner's recommendations were remarkably mild and general: improvement of the quality of candidates and teachers, elimination of the undergraduate

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education major (to be replaced by a subject specialization), full responsibility by historians, philosophers, and psychologists for the preparation of instructors in the history, philosophy, and psychology of education, to mention a few of the key demands.

It must have come as a shock to the experts, therefore, when Dr. Conant not only agreed essentially with all these recommendations (he called, for example, for the recruiting of future teachers among the upper third of each high-school class) but cut far closer to the bone of what both he and Koerner found to be at issue. The difference between the two books is that between a well-intentioned and justly provoked heckler and an alarmed and determined surgeon.

Dr. Conant, after calling "pathetic" the kind of courses that Mr. Koerner had branded with scorn and after talking about the "frightening rigidity" of the Establishment, refused to be satisfied (as Mr. Koerner seemed to be) by merely having the subject-matter items in the state certification requirements stiffened. He said, in effect, that the system itself is beyond repair—"bankrupt" was his astonishingly harsh word.

What point is there in adding to the paper schedules of course requirements, since everybody knows that the requirements bear little if any relationship to reality?

What comfort is there in insisting that teachers of English must complete a certain number of courses in that subject, when it is known that, once certified, such teachers may be assigned to the teaching of science, mathematics, or anything else—in almost any state, including New York?

What good is it to set down the number of hours of practice teaching required for certification, if the supervision of such teaching ranges from good to virtually nonexistent?

What sense, finally, is there in a situation so chaotic that, despite the mobility of modern America, a teacher's certification in one state may be worthless in another?

HAVING asked himself these questions, Dr. Conant pushed aside all considerations of diplomacy and plunged instead into his "radical suggestion": abolish all certification requirements. Instead of a complicated set of rules, he wants a combination of free competition and clearly fixed responsibility. All that a teacher would need for certification should be a legitimate bachelor's degree, evidence of effective student teaching under the joint supervision of his college and a public-school system, and a certificate, vouched for by the president of his college and its *entire* faculty (education professors as well as other academicians), attesting to his qualifications to teach a specific subject at a specific grade level. The state education authorities' only responsibility would be to assure that the practice teaching completed by the candidate had been sound and demanding.

The arrangement sounds deceptively permissive. In fact, however, Dr. Conant intends it to be brutally specific in placing responsibility exactly at those points where quality of performance can be checked—without leaving room for charges, countercharges, and buck passing. The only criterion of success would be performance in the classroom.

In the process, many of the bodies that preside over teacher training will be deprived of considerable power and prestige:

¶ The accreditation agencies that currently place their good-course-keeping seal of approval on teacher-training institutions and programs would be little more than advisory bodies under Dr. Conant's scheme.

¶ A college or university would gain or maintain prestige and professional standing only by persuading school boards that its product is good.

¶ The state education officials, instead of basking in the security of their certification rules, would have to come out of their educational-political fortresses and prove their worth by judging classroom performance.

The professors of educational methods would be overshadowed by a new Conant-created rank: the clinical professors of education—outstanding public-school teachers who, with the full title, honors, and pay of professors, would supervise student teaching and the pertinent discussion of teaching methods. (As a by-product, Dr. Conant thereby promises to break the teachers' salary impasse: not only the clinical professors but a small army of supervising teachers, who will deal with the on-the-job training of new teachers,

Chores

The sea can make the way we keep our houses
seem
Dirty, noisome, impossibly cluttered.
We should take the heart out, as though
it mattered,
And see if the waves can wash it clean of
slime.

Hardly, when feeling clings so limpet-like,
Medusa's head too subtly buried there—
How can we rush about and broom the floor,
Uncertain when the writhing cramps will strike?

Still, the sea, great energizer, laps
At the threshold, foaming like a soapy pail
Which knows our living has grown stale
And needs a scrub with something more than
hoarded slops.

No doubt, a lucid morning, Neptune-disinfected.
But the heart that once turned Perseus back
Resists the sea in total lack
Of tutelary gods who want their art openly
inspected.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

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The states' rights anachronism of teacher certification would give way to the twentieth-century recognition of national cohesion. Once a teacher is certified under the Conant rules, he would be licensed to teach anywhere in the United States.

DR. CONANT proposed to go further. Certification is merely a first step. New teachers, at best, are inexperienced novices; at worst, they may still be unsuited to a career in what ought to be one of the most demanding professions. To prevent the perpetual influx of tenure-protected incompetents, Dr. Conant would place all "junior teachers" on four-year probation, continue their training on the job rigorously, and have the unfit weeded out responsibly and without false sentimentality. Those who remained—the "career teachers"—would at once be rewarded with a steep increase in salary.

But since by tradition teachers' salary increases are, to a considerable degree, tied to advanced training and further course credits, Dr. Conant could not in good faith try to regulate teacher training itself and at the same time pretend not to see the weaknesses in the further education system. That system, he tartly pointed out, is little short of scandalous. Much of the work that supposedly advances the competence of teachers is offered in the afternoon—a grab bag of "odd lot" courses many of which carefully avoid taxing the tired teacher's mind. Few of these courses have any real connection with classroom work and its improvement. Moreover, these courses represent a lucrative business for the institutions that offer them, including many of the most respectable universities.

To interfere with this profitable routine requires courage and integrity. To take away from these courses their magic wand of providing teachers with effortless avenues to higher pay would automatically cut off the supply of paying customers: very few teachers would voluntarily pay for the majority of these "Mickey Mouse" courses without the tie-in offer of a salary increment. Putting an end to this academic boondoggle will mean a major readjustment in the budgets of some prestigious universities and may lead to a financial crisis in weaker institutions. Dr. Conant bluntly insists that this unpleasant fact must be faced: he would decree that, with minor exceptions, teachers' pay increments must be earned through full-time degree study or attendance at specially designed summer studies.

IT SHOULD BE CLEAR by now that Dr. Conant offers no compromise solutions—and this must come as a shock to the educational ruling group which had known him as a man adept at healing old wounds and getting everybody to walk in the middle of the road toward a day of higher standards. Perhaps the only consolation for the teacher-training experts is in his refusal to exempt the liberal-arts professors from blame. He makes it unmistakably clear that bad teacher training is now being offered in all types of institutions.

The unanswered question, of course, remains: how effective will the Conant call to reform be? In contrast to his famous do-it-yourself high-school improvement plan, which had school boards competing with each other trying to keep up with Conant, it is safe to predict that the teaching experts will not rush headlong into wiping out the powers and prerogatives of much of their hierarchy. In fairness, it must be said that so revolutionary a set of proposals should not be adopted blindly without honest and intelligent discussion, both of the master plan and its details.

What must be prevented, however, is any subterfuge to avoid the debate. While it is inconceivable that James Bryant Conant can be ignored, efforts may well be made to downgrade his expertise in teacher training: this is the experts' most effective way of jamming unpopular voices.

Some of the vested interests may suddenly discover that Mr. Koerner's recommendations are very conservative in comparison with Dr. Conant's proposed surgery. The man who has long been considered the enemy may emerge as something like a friendly and "constructive" critic. And so much easier to explain away!

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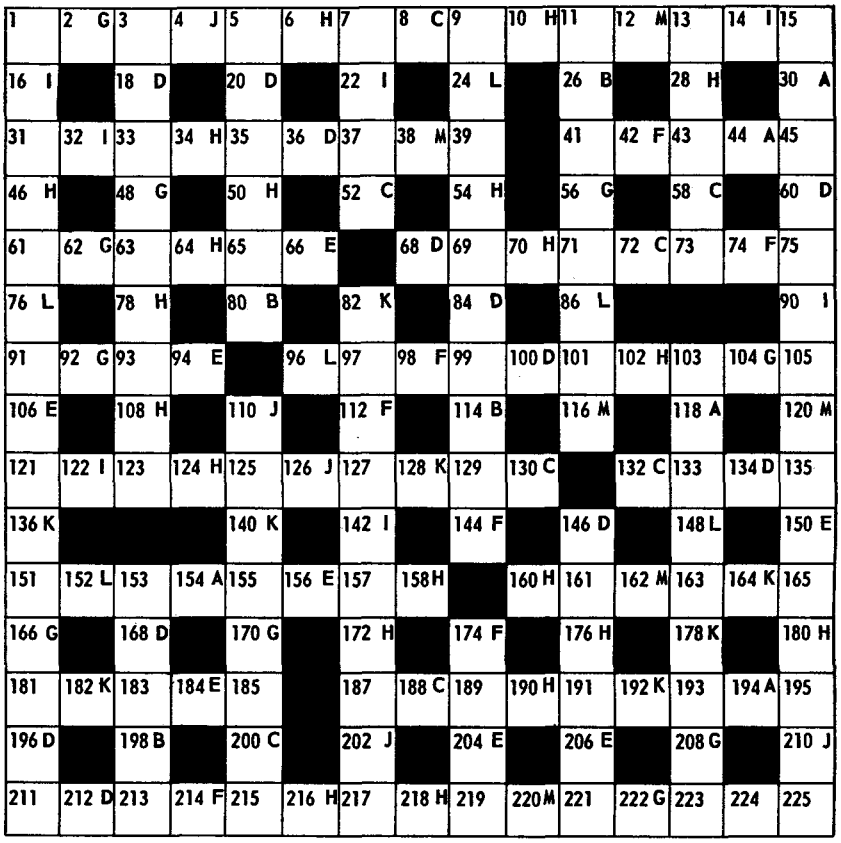
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 85

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS.

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

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A

154 30 44 194 118 "There is no expeditious road/ To pack and _____ men for God. . ." Thompson, "A Judgment in Heaven."

B

114 26 198 80 A clan of families in the male line.

C

72 8 58 188 200 52 132 130 What the self-made man might tread in (3,5).

D

36 134 100 196 18 146 20 60 68 84 212 168 _____ _____ est Cupiditas." Chaucer, "The Pardoner's Tale" (5,7).

E

66 106 206 204 94 156 184 150 How one might describe the chase where the fox was not spotted. (4,4).

F

98 214 42 74 112 144 174 City in Wisconsin.

G

104 222 2 56 208 92 48 166 62 170 What a gambler might ask after a bad run of luck at cards (3,7).

H

124 50 160 54 34 64 28 46 78 216 70 10 218 172 6 102 108 190 180 176 158 Men of the American gold rush (10, 5, 6).

I

32 16 22 14 142 122 90 Play by Thornton Wilder, 1938, notable for being played on a bare stage (3, 4).

J

202 4 110 126 210 How an actor should enter (2, 3).

K

82 128 178 140 164 136 192 182 "...the _____ hoofs were gone." De La Mare, "The Listeners."

L

86 76 96 152 148 24 Once perhaps the most famous playing field in baseball.

M

162 220 12 120 38 116 The odd game to break a tie.

ACROSS

1. Spectacular accomplishment of the Acrostician (6-3,6).
31. Ridgepoles may be free of roots.
41. Indian washermen play hob with one penny.
61. An English divine is the lad for it!
68. What devotees of winter sports may be, according to their critics or en route (3,2,3).
91. A clasp or brooch may cause a cry of pain.
96. Travel may be this, especially with exotic foods.
121. Needed for bridge, and three of a kind is not better (3,7).
132. See 1 down.
151. Must one use a signet ring on such pelts? (4,4).
160. Irish town finds Hal back about a rag.
181. But one who does for others may not be a gentleman, in short!
187. There are lean gains for what many a suitor has said about his love (2,2,5).
211. A gambling game with explosive consequences sometimes (7,8).

DOWN

1. (With 132 across) Just alternation or drama critic's observation on the revolving stage? (4,5,2,4,4).
3. A foe of 112 may hold a position by right (2,7).
5. Sara in a doublet with these western Siberians.
7. Plant found in 31 across when covers are removed.
9. Sis forages with lammergeiers.
11. Kind of cattle popular in Russia? (3,5).
13. French blacks best struck while hot?
15. Nautical maneuver performed on orders of Civil War general? (7,2,3,3).
82. Portuguese seaport or pin for a share?
103. Advertisement for Fagin's school or unfavorable comment on how a subject was presented? (3-6).
110. Wedding missiles once fit with tea.
146. Sir Martin took alarm and a pound.
153. Means for affirmations in church.
174. Light circle in the command to push along now.

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KENNETH S. LYNN

THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH, by Jessica Mitford. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

America, Henry Adams observed, "has always taken tragedy lightly. Too busy to stop the activity of their twenty-million-horsepower society, Americans . . . [have learned] to regard assassination as a form of hysteria, and death as neurosis, to be treated by a rest-cure." In her funny, frightening, and important book on the American funeral industry, Jessica Mitford validates Adams's observation with a vengeance.

The book has already set off a debate in which one spokesman for the morticians has accused Miss Mitford of trying to replace what his colleagues have to offer with something like "that practiced in Communistic countries," and clergymen are demanding "an 'agonizing reappraisal' not only of price structures but also of pagan customs and trappings that have crept into the industry."

The trappings Miss Mitford describes must surely give pause to anyone who equates dignity with simplicity. Shrouds are definitely out: in the "slumber room" of the modern "memorial chapel," no self-respecting corpse would be caught dead modeling anything but "handmade original fashions—styles from the best in life for the last memory—dresses, men's suits, negligees, accessories." Practical Burial Footwear of Columbus, Ohio, offers a Fit-A-Fut Oxford, which "reflects character and station in life . . . and provides a formal reflection of successful living." Courtesy Products offers the "new Bra-form, Post Mortem Form Restoration" at the absurdly low price of $11 for a package of fifty (they "accomplish so much for so little").

The modern casket furnishes the perfect background for these deadly outfits. Some come equipped with foam-rubber cushions, others with innerspring mattresses (the "revolutionary 'Perfect-Posture' bed," boasts Elgin Associates), and for the décor to end all décors the Cheney people offer a variety of "more than sixty color matched shades, magnificent and unique masterpieces." And the exteriors, as in the Colonial Classic Beauty's "18 gauge, lead coated steel, seamless top, lap-jointed welded body construction" and the Valley Forge's "rugged, strong, soldier-like" casing, are as reassuringly solid as Cadillacs. His pride in the fact is unpardonable, but Howard C. Raether, executive secretary of the National Funeral Directors Association, is surely not overstating the case when he says that "Funerals are becoming more and more a part of the American way of life."

UNFORTUNATELY, the cost of leaving is high. In 1961, the *average* cost of an American funeral was close to $1,500, bringing the nation's aggregate burial bill to a staggering $2 billion per annum—more than we spend for dental care or for police protection. To make matters worse, the ambition of many funeral directors is to kite the cost of death even higher, their rationale being—in the words of the *National Funeral Service Journal*—that "It seems highly probable that the most satisfactory funeral service for the average family is one in which the cost has necessitated some degree of sacrifice. This permits the survivors to atone for any real or fancied neglect of the deceased prior to his death. . . ."

For the purpose of "grief therapy," then, funeral directors memorize the elaborate soft-sell directions outlined in W. M. Krieger's *Successful Funeral Management* and in other manuals designed to induce the bereaved to purchase coffins they cannot afford. In all sincerity, operators of crematoria solemnly assure clients that it is against the law to cremate without a coffin, although in most states no such statute exists, while "sympathetic" cemetery salesmen sell expensive vaults by falsely implying that merely to return dust unto dust is illegal, as well as inconsiderate. Florist associations, aided and abetted by funeral directors, threaten to

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withdraw their advertising from newspapers that include the anti-romantic words "Please Omit Flowers" in their funeral notices. And despite the protests of pathologists to the contrary, the sentimental lies are everywhere perpetuated that embalming preserves the body from decay (whereas embalming merely halts the decomposition of bodies long enough to permit them to be displayed, thereby enhancing the sale of expensive caskets and "gravewear"), and that sealed caskets keep out bacteria (whereas in fact airtight caskets only succeed in sealing in the putrefactive bacteria that thrive in an airless atmosphere).

While the funeral industry has had remarkable success in staving off scientists and other enemies, the one threat it has not been able to do much about is the declining death rate. Since the 1920's, American funeral homes have proliferated at an amazing rate, but in the words of a disgusted wholesale florist, "Nobody's dying." (The florists feel the longevity pinch almost as severely as the funeral directors, for something between sixty-five and seventy per cent of the florist business in this country depends on death.) The result of this situation is an unseemly scramble for trade, and an appalling desire to make every death "count."

THERE IS, however, one branch of the industry that has actually succeeded in turning the lengthening American life span—and the consequent increase in population—to profitable advantage. The owners of "nonprofit" private cemeteries have exploited the land-shortage fears attendant upon our current population explosion with such brilliant cleverness that they have sold millions upon millions of acres of "preneed" real estate. By exploiting their tax-free status to the hilt, by buying cheap land and subdividing it endlessly, and by shrewdly investing their huge "perpetual care" resources, the owners of Foreverness Lawn Memory Gardens, Inc., and their ilk have become the *nouveaux riches* of the death business. The most fabulous of all these enterprises is, of course, Forest Lawn Memorial-Park in Southern California, to which Evelyn Waugh paid his re-

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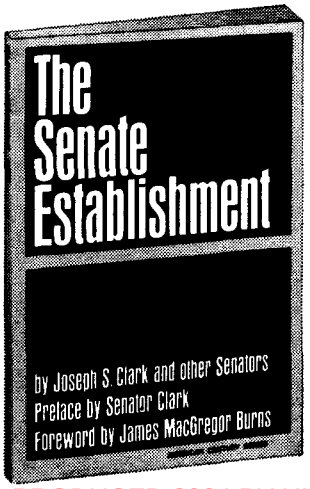
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spects in *The Loved One* fifteen years ago. Miss Mitford reports that today Forest Lawn is still what Waugh described it as being, only better. The Wee Kirk o' the Heather has wall-to-wall carpeting; there are more statues, tons more, including a reproduction of Michelangelo's David—with fig leaf attached. The medium-priced graves range from $434.50 in the Haven of Peace section to $599.50 in Triumphant Faith to $649.50 in Ascension. The cheapest plot available is in Brotherly Love—a giveaway at $308, plus ten per cent, of course, for Endowment Care, and $89 for opening and closing the grave, and $70-$145 for a vault. Under the visionary leadership of its creative genius, Dr. Hubert Eaton, Forest Lawn is looking forward to the dawn of an even more affluent tomorrow in which all of man's Memorial Impulses (to employ Dr. Eaton's inimitable terminology)—his wish to found hospitals, libraries, museums, and the like—will be guided by cemetery men. The scheme is one to which the words of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers beautifully apply: "There's millions in it!"

ASIDE from a few complacent remarks about the British funeral business, set forth in such a way as to leave the impression that the more sensible mortuary customs of England and Scotland are not the product of historical and cultural accidents but of the innately superior personal qualities of the people who inhabit Great Britain, Miss Mitford's book is a flawless performance. As in her *Daughters and Rebels,* in which she recounted the unusual experience of growing up in the Mitford family, she has the rare ability to make the macabre hilariously funny.

Another of the virtues of her new book is the directory she provides of the memorial societies which are springing up across the country and which are enabling people to make their own funeral arrangements on a dignified and financially reasonable basis. Also included is a directory of eye banks and medical schools, for the benefit of those who are interested in bequeathing their organs for medical research but don't know how to go about doing so.

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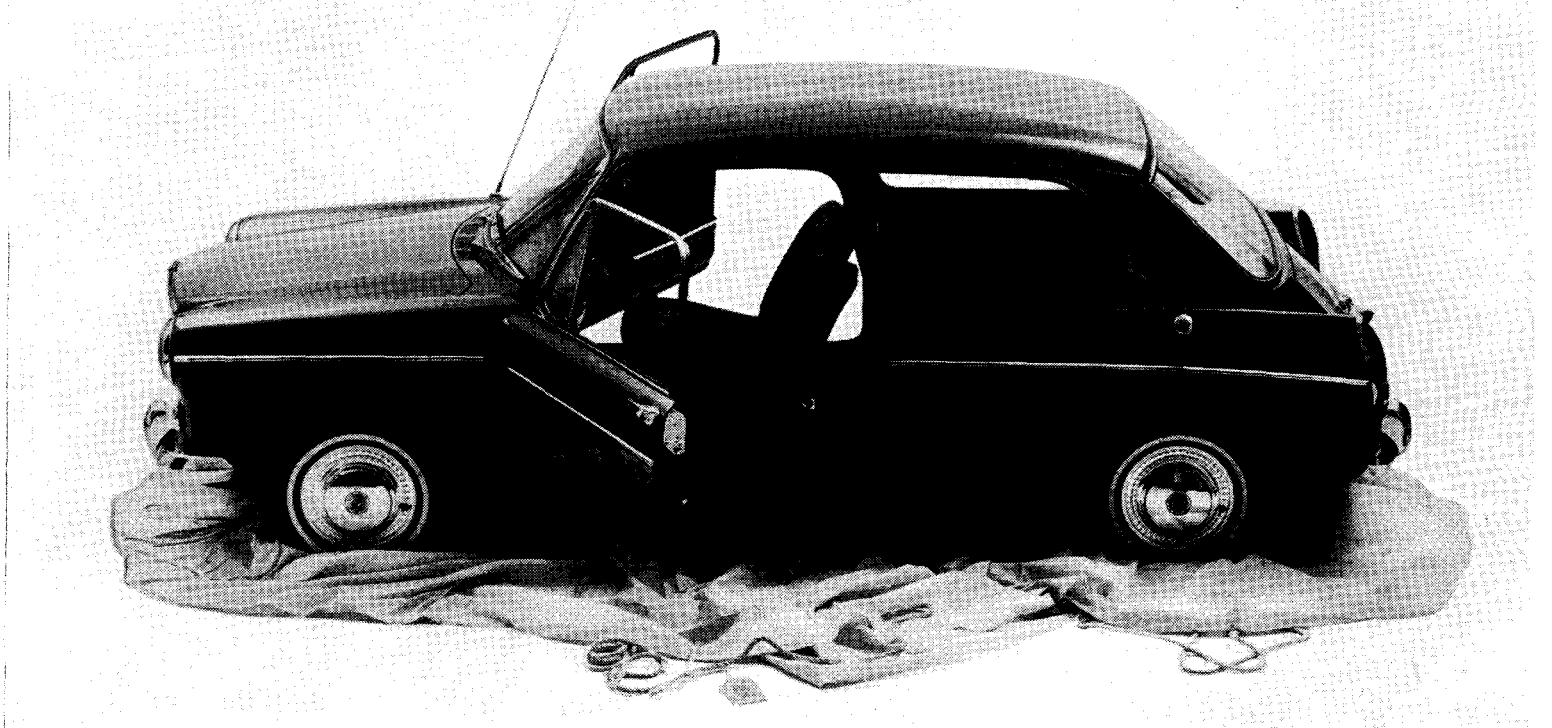

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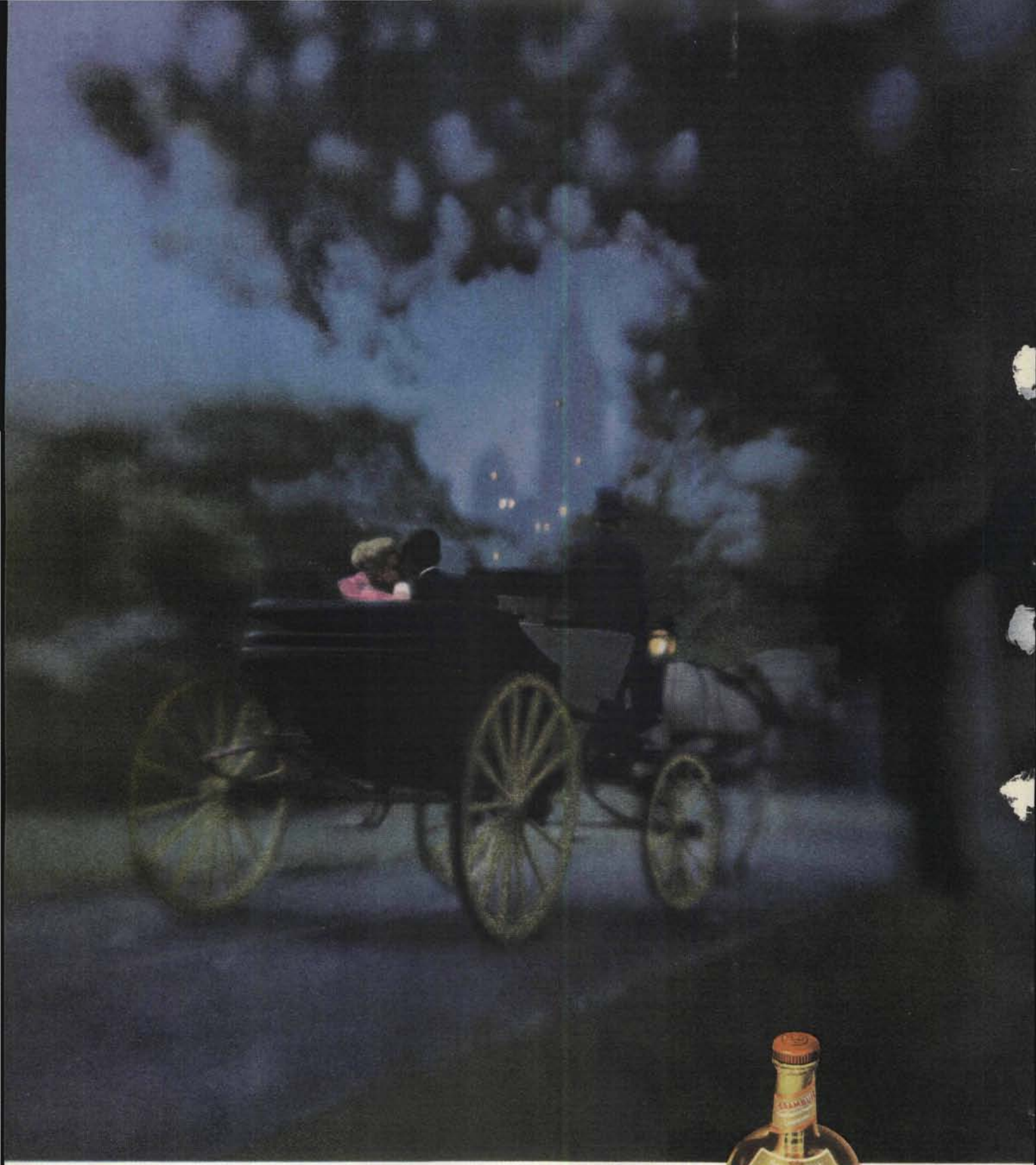

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